

THIRTY CENTS

OCTOBER 11, 1963

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

WHAT LABOR OFFERS ENGLAND



BRITAIN'S
HAROLD
WILSON

VOL. 82 NO. 15

(REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.)



PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

People who thought the '63 Grand Prix couldn't be improved on are in for a surprise... The '64.

As you might well understand, it was a great temptation to leave our GP strictly alone. But we tuned and refined, we altered and improved, until we came up with a car that should be even more to your liking. The GP's ride, for instance, is smoother—though many thought it was impossible to improve on. We tilted the instruments slightly for a better view from the driver's seat. We even went so far as to improve the light bulbs. The Grand Prix comes with a silken 306-bhp Trophy V-8, Wide-Track and a whole carful of Pontiac's special roadability. About the only thing it's lacking is you—but you can take care of that right now, with the help of your Pontiac Dealer.

GP

EXCITINGLY NEW FROM



Only Zenith packs so much big-set performance into a lightweight, super-slim, ultra-styled portable!



THE JETLINER, MODEL L-2335. 19" OVERALL DIAG. PICT. HEAD, 1/2 SQ. IN. RECT. PICT. AREA.

Zenith builds rugged Handcrafted Quality plus 10 extra-value features into big-screen portable TV!

NEVER BEFORE A LIGHTWEIGHT, HANDCRAFTED 19" TV WITH SO MANY BIG-SET PERFORMANCE FEATURES! Such as "Perma-Set" fine tuning. Automatic "Fringe-Lock" circuit. "Gated Beam" sound. 3-stage IF amplification. Bonded picture glass. Plus sensitive dipole antenna. "Capacity-Plus" components. And UHF all channel tuning*! YOU CAN SEE ITS NEWNESS! The "Jetliner's" advanced, streamlined styling is slim, modern—from its sleek, silvery trim, to the handsome molded back. It has easy top tuning. Recessed controls. Big clear channel numbers.

AND IT CAN TAKE IT! The "Jetliner's" quality components are firmly fastened to a rugged metal handcrafted chassis. It's hand wired. Hand soldered. There are no printed circuits. No production shortcuts.

IT'S WHAT YOU WOULD EXPECT FROM ZENITH! A new lightweight, luggage-style TV designed to bring you greater operating dependability, fewer service problems—and a brighter, sharper, clearer picture year after year. See the "Jetliner" at your Zenith dealer's soon. (In tan or ebony colors—\$189.95**.)

Zenith  The quality goes in before the name goes on

ADDITIONAL AT SLIGHT ADDITIONAL COST. PRICES AND SPECIFICATIONS SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE.





How come a tire can save you \$500 or more per rig every year in fuel alone?*

No other truck tire comes even close to cutting fuel bills the way our Dual Super G does.

13% for gas rigs.

17% for diesels.

We literally steeled it to cut down tire drag.

Two steel belts stiffen the dual treads—revolutionary in truck tires. Next, two steel beads anchor 4 radial plies of Super Nygen Cord. And that's steel-strong itself.

Now you can get some idea why this is a different breed of tire altogether.

How about mileage?

With a story like this, we're almost embarrassed to mention mileage. But hundreds of Dual Super G tires, built of super-tough Duragen rubber, have already passed the 200,000 mile mark.

To date, we haven't heard of one failing.

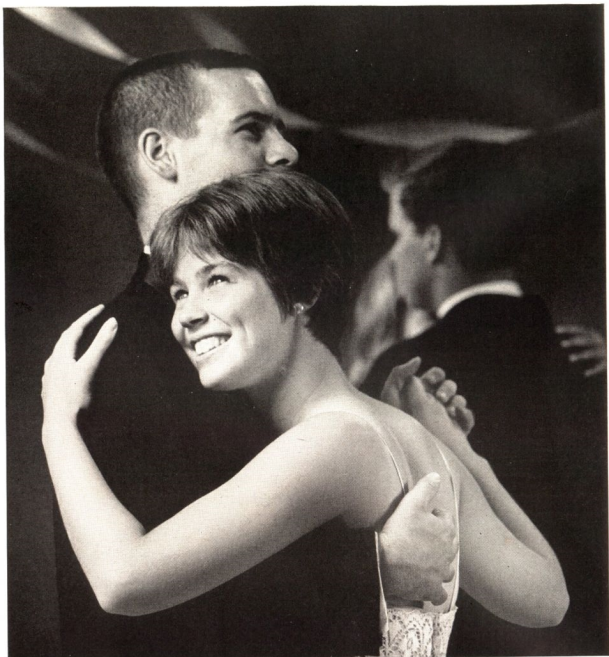
If you do, please wire our Bill Hempel collect.

*based on 50,000 miles at 3.8mpg.

THE ALL-NEW GENERAL DUAL SUPER G
with new miracle-mileage Duragen rubber



THE SIGN OF TOMORROW... TODAY



Last year she passed up the Prom

It wasn't that she was antisocial. It was just that . . . well, a skin disorder can be a cruel embarrassment to anyone, especially to a teen-ager.

Fortunately, medical science is concerned with *all* health problems—not merely the more serious or fatal ones. That's why relief for many skin diseases is available today.

The encouraging progress in dermatology re-

sults from a growing fund of medical knowledge coupled with continuing research. Pharmaceutical manufacturers, including Eli Lilly and Company, have made significant contributions.

While much more needs to be done, further progress is sure to come. Medical Research has a way of never leaving well enough alone when it comes to your good health.

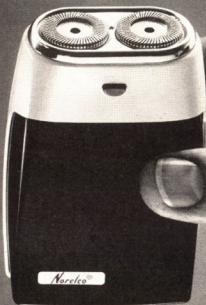
Eli Lilly and Company • Indianapolis

Lilly

Prescription
medicines
around the
world

First came the razor blade... then came back-and-forth electric shavers

Now
the third way
to shave...
Norelco with rotary blades!



NEW NORELCO CORDLESS SPEEDSHAVER 20C

Norelco rotary blades stroke off whiskers
(most comfortable way to shave close and clean)

The age of shaving comfort dawned the day that Norelco rotary blades were born. They introduced the third way to shave—the most comfortable way to shave close and clean.

Norelco rotary blades whirl round at an incredible 5500 revolutions per minute. They never change direction. They stroke off whiskers so gently your face actually feels soothed! So why chance scraping, nicking, pinching or pulling?

The new Norelco Cordless (*above*) is battery-powered... shaves *anywhere*! No plug-in. No bulky recharger.

See the popular new Norelco 'flip-top' Speedshaver (*right*)... latest model of the world's largest seller. Also the luxurious Norelco Speedshaver with the new

'floating-heads' that swivel to fit every curve and contour of the face.

For the ladies, there's the new Lady Norelco. Its hidden rotary blades gently whisk away hair with no razor cuts. Charming and practical gift for *her*.

Norelco accessories: *Home Barber Kit*, made especially for the 'floating-heads' model. Save on home haircuts for grown-ups and kids! *Prelec*, the pre-shave beard conditioner. *Finale*®, a bracing after-shave lotion. And *Shaver Cleaner*, to keep your shaver heads in tiptop shape.

See your Norelco dealer today... and discover the comfort of the *third* way to shave.

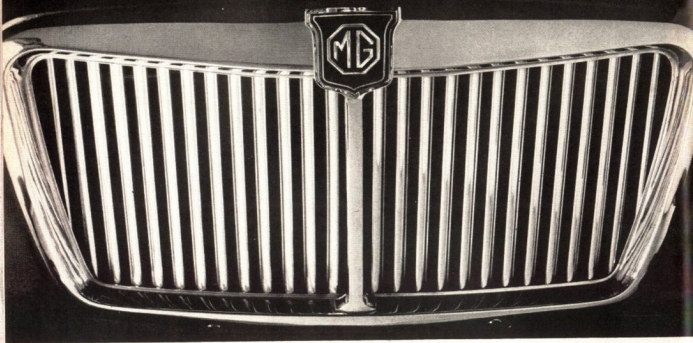
Norelco®



Norelco 'flip-top' Speedshaver® 20. Newest model of world's largest seller. Rotary blades. Popular price. 'Flip-top' cleaning. 110v. only (AC/DC). Handsome travel case.

NORTH AMERICAN PHILIPS COMPANY, INC., 100 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N.Y. Norelco is known as PhiloShave in Canada and throughout the rest of the free world. Other products: Hearing Aids, Radios, Radio-Phonographs, Tape Recorders, Dictating Machines, Medical X-ray Equipment, Electronic Tubes and Devices.

This proud, defiant, staunch British grille can be yours
for only eighteen hundred and ninety eight dollars



(and the price includes an MG Sports Sedan)



A sports car? Name one more sportive: deep-lunged MG engine... Marathon endurance... the conformation of a thoroughbred. Altogether, a most spirited little speedster.

A family sedan? Rather! You might say, this is a grown-up, married MG. There's a big back seat for children, nannies and other hangers-on. Fluid suspension carries

you gently as a mother cat. (It's a completely new idea: no springs, no shock absorbers—the fluid is permanently sealed-in, literally damps-out the bumps.)

Sensible front wheel drive and no-fade disc brakes deliver exceptional control.

Altogether, a most well-mannered motor car. Do come and drive this ready, willing, able automobile.



MG SPORTS SEDAN
\$1898⁰⁰*

*Suggested retail price New York, P.D.C. includes: turn lights; windshield wipers; spare wheel; tool kit; ash tray; light (heater, whitewash and wheel discs optional).

PRODUCT OF THE BRITISH MOTOR CORPORATION, LTD., MAKERS OF MG, AUSTIN HEALEY, SPRITE, MORNO AND AUSTIN CARS FOR OVERSEAS DELIVERY INFORMATION, WRITE: BNC, BAPD 1-15, 738 GRAND AVENUE, WOODBRIDGE, N.J.

1942: The nation's most popular band leader, Glenn Miller, America still dances to the music of the Glenn Miller Orchestra, directed now by Ray McKinley.



Were you class of 1942?

The years are hurrying by. This Personal Pension Plan can help make your future secure.

Was it really that long ago that you were in college and dancing to Glenn Miller's music? Twenty-one years?

Suddenly you realize you're well into your forties. And your retirement years aren't quite so far off, after all.

Here's a plan that can help you get ready for them right now — a way of combining life insurance with other money to supply you with steady income later on.

Let's say you're 43 now, and you buy a \$25,000 New England Life policy. The cash value of your policy at 65 could be \$18,198. — which is more than you paid

out along the way for continuous protection for your family. (We've made two assumptions: that you use your dividends to build up additional protection automatically; that our current dividend scale is applied, although these scales change from time to time.)

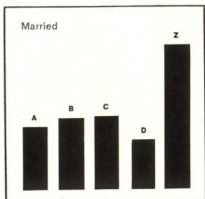
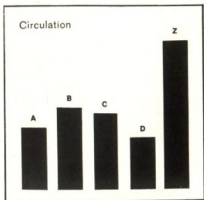
Then, at 65, you can channel sufficient funds from other investments into your policy to take maximum advantage of the favorable income rate established when you bought the policy. In this way your insurance, combined with investments, can be the basis for your individual pension plan, guaranteeing

you \$250 a month for life, with dividends to increase this amount. Of course, if you'd rather, you can set up your personal pension plan now through life insurance alone.

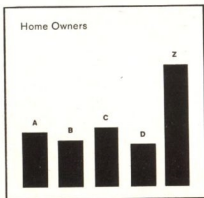
More details? We'll be glad to mail them to you. Just write New England Life, Department T-5, 501 Boylston Street, Boston, Massachusetts, 02117. Or, better still, have a talk with one of our agents.

NEW ENGLAND LIFE

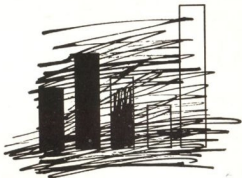
NEW ENGLAND MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY. INDIVIDUAL AND GROUP LIFE INSURANCE, ANNUITIES AND PENSIONS, GROUP HEALTH COVERAGE



A SPORTS ILLUSTRATED B PLAYBOY C ARGOSY D ESQUIRE Z TRUE



Source all figures: Starch Consumer Magazine Report '63.
Standard Rate & Data Service, Inc.



*Oh well, why
rub it in?*

The "Z" in those charts represents a magazine named TRUE.

TRUE is the men's magazine other men's magazines seldom mention.

Cost Per M, \$4.00; Circula-

tion, 2,400,000; Median reader income, almost \$9,000—that kind of men's magazine.

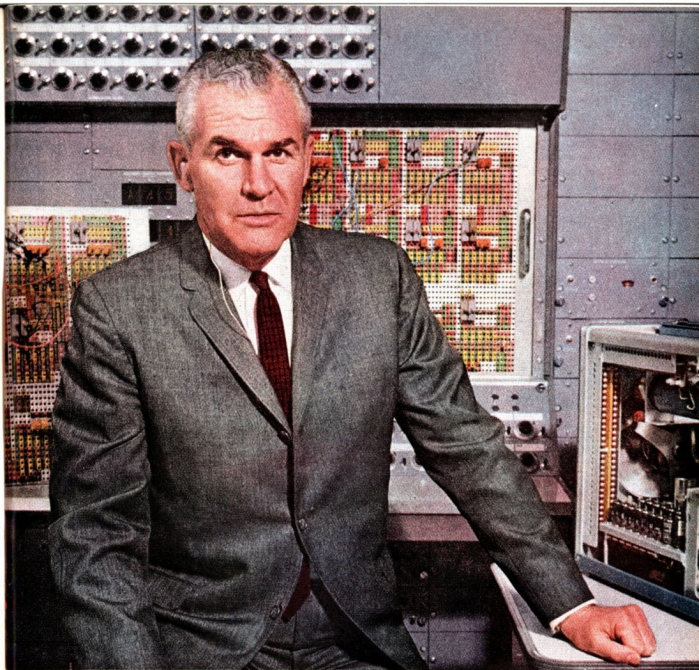
If you find those charts interesting, ask us about car-owners, ask us about smokers, about...

You know, thinking about those charts makes us sort of wistful.

Almost makes us wish we could advertise in TRUE.

TRUE
A FAWCETT PUBLICATION

2,425,075 Circulation 12/31/62



A MAN WORKS HARD TO GET \$650,000

He wants the bank that works hardest to keep it in the family.

The aggressive head of an electronics corporation is a typical case.

His estate grew large through hard work and calculated risks. He didn't want needless taxes and costs to siphon it away from his family. So, to review the will he was considering, he and his attorney chose us.

Our Estate Plan: Together, we evolved the new will and a carefully tailored "Living Trust." Hard work, but worth while. It will realize a \$95,000 tax saving for his family when his estate is settled, plus a

substantial saving during his lifetime.

Thoroughness, knowledge, experience: Our senior officers—the men serving you—average over 20 years as specialists working with attorneys. Many even have law degrees themselves.

The cost: For the special care you and your family receive, the charge is *unusually modest*—and is not due until *after* your estate is settled. Then, for example, the Annual Trustee Fee on an estate of \$650,000 is only \$1,675.

Wouldn't you like to discuss soon what our hard work and skill can accomplish for you? Phone: 770-1234, Personal Trust Department, Chemical Bank New York Trust Company, New York 15.

Chemical New York



*Evenings that memories are made of—
so often include*

DRAMBUIE

THE CORDIAL WITH THE SCOTCH WHISKY BASE

NYR2

IMPORTED BY W. A. TAYLOR & COMPANY, NEW YORK, N.Y. 80 PROOF



Low Cost Auto Insurance

GEICO RATES ARE LOWER THAN BUREAU RATES* BY

AS MUCH AS **30%** FOR COLLISION AND COMPREHENSIVE

AND AS MUCH AS **20%** FOR LIABILITY COVERAGES

FOR THE STANDARD FAMILY AUTOMOBILE POLICY

*COMPARE GEICO RATES WITH BUREAU RATES

GEICO RATES IN NEW YORK STATE ARE 30% lower than Bureau Rates for the Collision and Comprehensive coverages and 20% for the Liability coverages. Bureau Rates are the rates for automobile insurance filed with State Insurance Departments by the National Bureau of Casualty

Underwriters and the National Automobile Underwriters Association for their member and subscribing companies, and Bureau companies using the Safe Driver Plan adjust these Bureau Rates upwards or downwards depending upon the driving record of the insured.

HOW THE "SAFE DRIVER PLAN" AFFECTS THE COST OF YOUR AUTO INSURANCE

GEICO DOES NOT USE THE "SAFE DRIVER PLAN"—However, most companies charging Bureau Rates do use the "Safe Driver Plan" in New York which requires that the rate established as the Bureau Rate be increased as much as 150% and reduced by only 10% depending upon the driving record

of the insured. Remember, GEICO does not use the "Safe Driver Plan" and when you insure with GEICO, your rates are not increased because of your driving record as is required under the "Safe Driver Plan."

NOW COMPARE DIFFERENCES FROM THE BUREAU RATE!

COVERAGE	BUREAU RATE WITH "SAFE DRIVER PLAN"	GEICO RATE WITHOUT "SAFE DRIVER PLAN"
Liability.....	10% reduction to 150% increase.....	20% reduction
Medical Payments.....	10% reduction to 150% increase.....	20% reduction
Collision.....	10% reduction to 150% increase.....	30% reduction
Comprehensive.....	No reduction or increase.....	30% reduction
Uninsured Motorists.....	No reduction or increase.....	25% reduction
Towing and Labor.....	No reduction or increase.....	30% reduction

(GEICO also gives you the usual additional savings in New York State of 10% for COMPACT CARS and 25% on additional cars when MORE-THAN-ONE-CAR is insured.)

GEICO RATES IN CONNECTICUT AND NEW JERSEY
GEICO rates in Connecticut and New Jersey are also 30% below Bureau Rates for the Collision and Comprehensive coverages—and 25% in Connecticut and 22½% in New Jersey for the Liability coverages.

Before you buy auto insurance elsewhere, or renew your present policy, it will pay you to check GEICO benefits and savings. You will receive exact GEICO rates for your car, plus complete information on how GEICO saves you money, the broad protection you get, and GEICO's country-wide personal claim service.

Phone Digby 9-0202 or visit one of our convenient New York offices or mail the coupon ... no obligation ... no agent will call



GEICO

(A capital stock company not affiliated with the U.S. Government)

Manhattan: 150 Nassau Street Digby 9-0202
Hempstead, L.I.: 66 N. Franklin Street Vanhook 5-4600
Huntington, L.I.: Walt Whitman Shopping Center Hamilton 7-8500

Home Office: Washington, D.C.

INSURANCE: Auto • Homeowners • Fire • Personal Liability • Boat

FINANCING: LOW COST AUTOMOBILE FINANCING AVAILABLE THROUGH A NEW YORK AFFILIATE OF GEICO.

Mail To: GEICO

453

150 Nassau Street, New York, N.Y. 10038

Check your eligibility—must be over age 21 and under 65.

NON-GOVERNMENT PERSONNEL

NEW!

- ☐ Professional or Technical
- ☐ Administrative, Clerical or Managerial
- ☐ Agricultural—Farmer or Farm Manager

CIVILIAN GOVERNMENT PERSONNEL—Active or Retired

- ☐ Federal, State, County, Municipal

MILITARY PERSONNEL—Active, Reserve, National Guard or Retired

- ☐ Commissioned officer—NCO of top 5 pay grades
- (NCO on active duty must be at least age 25 and in pay grade E-5 or E-6, must be married.)

Name ☐ Male ☐ Single ☐ Female ☐ Married

Residence Address _____ Zone _____ County _____ State _____

City _____ State _____

Occupation (Rank if on active duty) _____ Age _____

Is car principally kept on a farm or ranch? ☐ Yes ☐ No

Location of car if not at above address _____

Year	Make	Model	# Cyl.	Body Style	Purchase Date	<input type="checkbox"/> New	<input type="checkbox"/> Used
					Mo. Yr.		

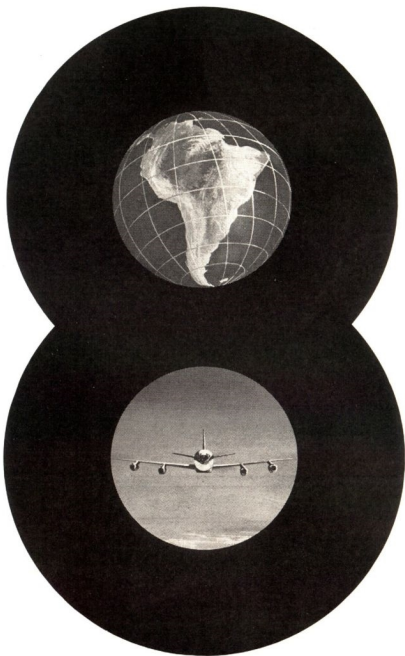
My present policy expires Mo. _____ Yr. _____

Days per week auto driven to work? _____ One way distance is _____

Is car used in business other than to or from work? ☐ Yes ☐ No

Additional male operators under age 25 in household at present time:

Age	Relation	Married or Single	% of Use



Now! 8 Jets a week to South America

Here it is: the greatest news about South America since the discovery of Machu Picchu — Braniff Airways and Eastern Air Lines are expanding their schedule to 8 Jets a week (starting October 27). These luxurious El Dorado Super Jets will leave from New York and Miami, and will include daylight flights to Panama and Bogota, as well as early afternoon and evening departures to Lima, Buenos Aires, São Paulo and Rio de Janeiro. Go First Class, with the elegance of Gold Service, or in economical tourist. In both, you'll find superb food, comfort and

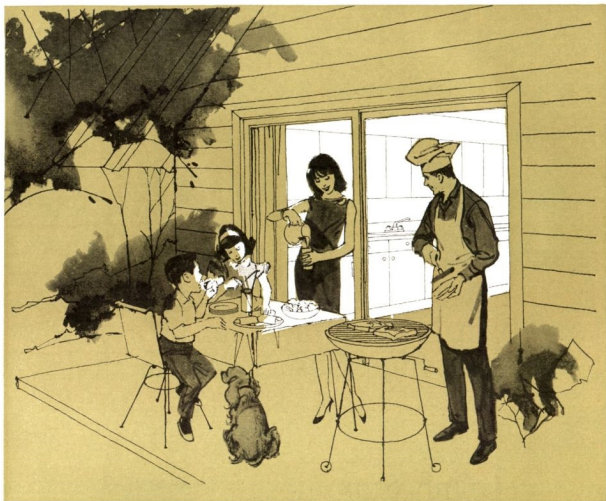
personalized attention that have made Braniff-Eastern a favorite of travelers to South America.

Plan to see all of South America (including Machu Picchu), in style, on one of our many tours. South America is indeed spectacular and the spectacular way to see it is on a Braniff-Eastern tour. Stop in and ask your Travel Agent about it.

BRANIFF
AIRWAYS



EASTERN
AIR LINES



"SUPER" MARKET FOR FOOD SALES: BH&G's big, selective family audience!

We write the scripts for America's greatest family acts

What a setting for selling foods! BH&G caters to family appetites in many ways: our exclusive "Picture with Every Recipe" service; brilliant food idea photography (many in 5- and 6-color printing); more food service photographs than the three women's magazines combined.

And what a "super" market for food sales! BH&G, with 17,121,000 adult readers per average issue, is first among all monthly magazines in the Simmons

Study. Better Homes & Gardens reaches more households in the higher income brackets (\$10,000 and over) than any other monthly magazine.

For size, selectivity, and an appetizing editorial environment, food advertising just naturally belongs in Better Homes & Gardens.

Source: Audience data: Simmons Study of Selective Markets and Media Reaching Them, 1963 Standard Magazine Report.

BH&G's Size, Selectivity, Service Sell Best

Better Homes and Gardens

Circulation: 6,000,000

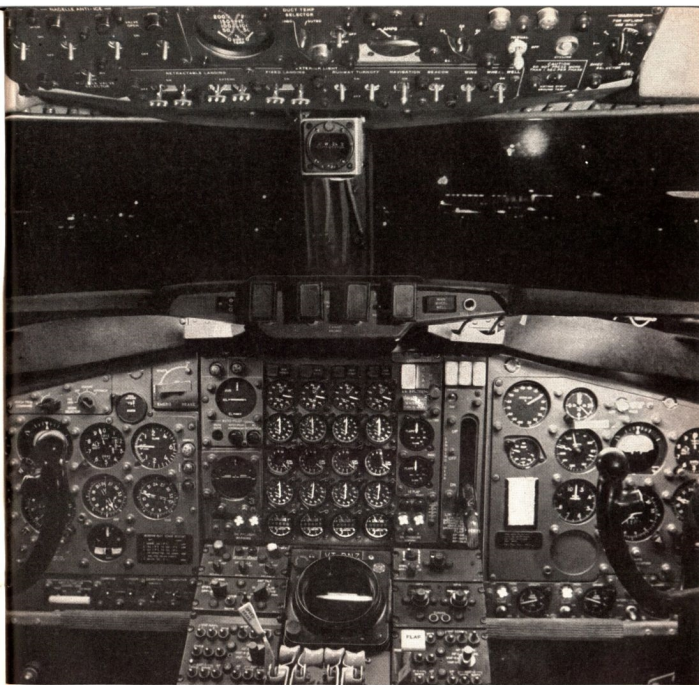


We don't care how many socks you own. None of them can do as much for you as Supp-hose Socks can do.

Only Supp-hose has the patented 2-way rib that gives you the support you want and, at the very same time, makes you look good.



Supp-hose®
SOCKS FOR MEN



Boeing 707 photographed at N.Y. International Airport, courtesy Air-India.
(Instruments read zero because plane is on ground.)

How's every little thing?

Oil, 42; cabin, 12 p.s.i.a.; fuel 20; stabilizer position 4°

These are just four typical pieces of information jet pilots need in flight. All four—and others—are provided by instruments manufactured by our U.S. Gauge Division.*

Today, every commercial jet in the free world (and many of the military) carries pressure-measuring and navigational devices made by U.S. Gauge.

If you need highly accurate instrumentation, U.S. Gauge probably has just what you're looking for.

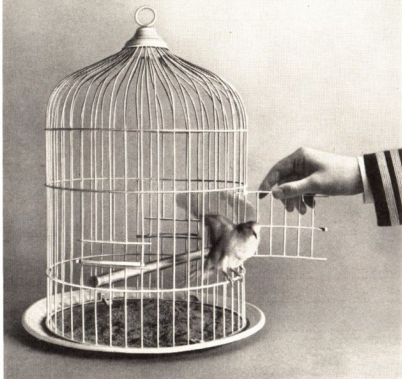
Our other divisions* make equally dependable products, devices and components which might be important to you.

To find out, write: AMETEK, INC., at 233 Broadway, New York 7, New York.



*DIVISIONS: AutoBAR SYSTEMS, AUTOMATIC DEVICES, DeBOTHZAT FANS, HUNTER SPRING, LAMB ELECTRIC, PANTEX, PROSPERITY RIEHLE TESTING MACHINES, TROY LAUNDRY MACHINERY, and U. S. GAUGE and the FILTER GROUP (FILTRATION ENGINEERS, NIAGARA FILTERS, TOLHURST CENTRIFUGALS). NY6

If you don't
get to Europe this year
it won't be our fault



(Now—we're offering two of the greatest travel bargains ever!)

1. Our new 21-day jet economy fares \$149 less than regular jet economy fares. London only \$350 round trip from New York. Rome just \$495.40 and you can visit up to 19 additional cities at no extra cost.
 2. Maharajah Holiday in London—Paris—Spain 17-day all expense tour including 21-day economy jet fare for only \$589 from N. Y. Extend the tour to 21 days and include Morocco with its romantic cities and oases—for the all-inclusive price of \$749.
- Don't take a chance on missing Europe between now and Spring...call your travel agent or mail the coupon for full fascinating details.

<input type="checkbox"/>	I'm tempted. Please send me more information on your new low 21-day fares.	AIR-INDIA 410 Park Ave., N. Y. 22
<input type="checkbox"/>	Please send free brochure on Maharajah Holiday in Spain. I might even be Morocco-bound, too!	
Name _____		
Address _____		
City _____	Zone _____	State _____
My travel agent is: _____		T-5

TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, October 9

CHRONICLE (CBS, 7:30-8 p.m.).* Interviews with three octogenarians whose recollections cover a large span of American history.

ESPIONAGE (NBC, 9-10 p.m.). A French doctor (played by Patricia Neal) betrays the allies in World War II. John Gregson also stars.

Thursday, October 10

KRAFT SUSPENSE THEATER (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Premiere of a new dramatic series that will appear every other week. Tonight's show begins a two-part drama about the court-martial of an Army sergeant accused of treason. Cast includes Bradford Dillman, Vera Miles, Lee Marvin and Lloyd Nolan. Color.

Friday, October 11

THE GREAT ADVENTURE (CBS, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). *Massacre at Wounded Knee*, second part of a drama about Sitting Bull; with Ricardo Montalban, Joseph Cotten, Lloyd Nolan and James Dunn.

BOB HOPE PRESENTS THE CHRYSLER THEATER (NBC, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). A difficult time in the life of 1930s Blues Singer Lee Wiley, starring Piper Laurie and Claude Rains.

Saturday, October 12

EXPLORING (NBC, 1-2 p.m.). Vincent Price expounds on Jonathan Swift's *Gulliver*.

SATURDAY NIGHT AT THE MOVIES (NBC, 9-11:27 p.m.). *The Asphalt Jungle*, M-G-M's 1950 jewel robbery, with Sterling Hayden, Louis Calhern, and Marilyn Monroe in a bit part.

Sunday, October 13

DISCOVERY (ABC, 12:30-1 p.m.). A recreation of the first voyage of Columbus, filmed in Spain and San Salvador.

SUNDAY SPORTS SPECTACULAR (CBS, 5-5:30 p.m.). Premiere includes highlights of the day's N.F.L. pro-football games and film excerpts from the *World Series*.

THE JUDY GARLAND SHOW (CBS, 9-10 p.m.). Guests are Lena Horne and Terry-Thomas.

Monday, October 14

MONDAY NIGHT AT THE MOVIES (NBC, 7:30-9:30 p.m.). *The Ruins of Ranchipur*, a triangle with Lana Turner, Richard Burton, Michael Rennie.

HOLLYWOOD AND THE STARS (NBC, 9:30-10 p.m.). The second part of a documentary on the love goddesses, including Rita Hayworth, Ava Gardner, Kim Novak, Marilyn Monroe, Brigitte Bardot and Liz Taylor.

THEATER

The first two weeks of the new season have produced two solid dramas:

THE REHEARSAL is one of the most brilliant and bitter black comedies yet written by French Playwright Jean Anouilh. In it, some worldly French aristocrats ferret out and destroy the true love that exists between a count and a governess.

LUTHER, by John Osborne, is dominated by Albert Finney's magnificent portrayal of the title role. Finney's Luther is fiery

* All times E.D.T.

Report to truck operators from B.F. Goodrich



**ONE
LITTLE
PROBLEM
WE
LEAVE
BEHIND**

Every trucker knows how small stones, picked up in the tread of a truck tire, can drill into the carcass and ruin it for retreading. So we designed the BFG Extra Miler with corrugations inside the small traction grooves. These corrugations flex together, like interlocking fingers, to help prevent stones from being trapped in the tread. This is one reason why you get so many extra miles from the Extra Miler.

This extra mileage started with BFG's new SUPER-SYN, the toughest rubber ever discovered for truck tires. We did more than just add this long-wearing new rubber to an old tire design. Instead, we developed an entirely new tire. We combined the advantages of SUPER-SYN with a completely new tread design. Inter-

locking H's stabilize the tread and reduce the wear from squirming. And the Big H design puts more rubber in the center of the tread where truck tires, unlike passenger tires, wear most. The result, confirmed in fleet operations, is amazingly improved mileage from the Extra Miler.

You'd expect to pay much more for all the extra mileage features you get, but the B.F. Goodrich Extra Miler sells at regular prices. Next time your company plans to buy or specify truck tires, have your BFG retailer give you the full story on the Extra Miler. The B.F. Goodrich Company, Akron 18, Ohio.



McCall's

First Magazine for Women

September 1963
50 cents

TEN HAIRDOS
THAT MAKE
FASHION NEWS!

GREGORY PECK,
THE QUIET ONE

TWO GREAT
PERSONAL
STORIES-EXCLUSIVE:

- By the Widow of the
Thresher's Captain
- By Hope Cooke, at 22
the Princess of Sikkim

"SOME THINGS ABOUT
MISS AMERICA THEY
DON'T SHOW ON TV"
—A SHORT STORY

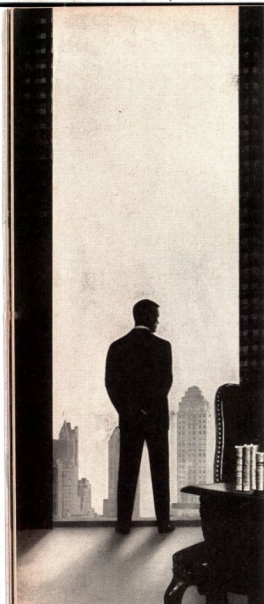
PLUS: EDNA FERBER,
PERLE MESTA,
BILLY ROSE,
CLARE BOOTHE
LUCE

Women who want to get away from it all



never come to us.

WOMAN'S DAY—A FAWCETT PUBLICATION



THAT MAN

He has the will and where-withal to do as he pleases. When he talks, men unconsciously hunch forward to listen. When he looks at a woman, she feels *all* woman. You may admire him; resent him. But no one can be indifferent to him.

His cologne and personal grooming accessories are 'That Man' by Reylon. A lusty tang of lemon, tabac and amber... as different from others as That Man is from the run of men.



in ardor, tormented by doubt, and intoxicated by God. Playwright Osborne's major error lies in suggesting that Protestantism probably owes more to Luther's gripping intestines than to his vaulting intellect.

Best of the Broadway holdovers:

WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?, by Edward Albee, provides a corrosive, explosive evening with a middle-aged campus couple who can only reach each other through a malignant duologue of hate. Arthur Hill and Uta Hagen are shatteringly good.

SHE LOVES ME is orchestrated to the warm, old-fashioned heartbeat of young love. The musical's innocent, ardent and appealing lovers are Daniel Massey and Barbara Cook.

A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM. Since Plautus originally wrote it, this musical is more than 2,000 years old, but the situations are still funny, the hours are delectable, and Zero Mostel is a pluperfect master of the comic revels.

HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING will probably run as long as its title. Going into its third year, it is still sharp, sassy and socko.

Best of off-Broadway holdovers:

THE DUMBWAITER AND THE COLLECTION, by Harold Pinter. Britain's most stimulating young playwright likes to write comedies of terror, and no one writes them better.

THE BOYS FROM SYRACUSE. Plautus does it again, this time with the added tinkering of Shakespeare, George Abbott, and Rodgers and Hart. Apart from being a tuneful comic delight, the show contains an adorable and gifted cutie named Julianne Marie.

THE BLACKS, by Jean Genet, just past the 1,000-performance mark, may just possibly be the finest work of art ever produced on the color question.

SIX CHARACTERS IN SEARCH OF AN AUTHOR, by Luigi Pirandello, offers a model revival of a modern classic.

CINEMA

THE V.I.P.s. Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton, Louis Jourdan, Orson Welles, Rod Taylor and Margaret Rutherford spend the night in an airport, and believe it or not, they seem to enjoy the experience. So do the customers.

THE CONJUGAL BED. There's no fool like an old fool, and it's sometimes painfully funny to see one learn just how foolish he is in this Italian comedy about a middle-aged man (Ugo Tognazzi) who marries a young girl (Marina Vlady).

THE MUSIC ROOM. India's Satyajit Ray tells a poignant and profoundly Asiatic tale about a man who ruined his life to save his face.

THE SUITOR. This slap-happy story about a young man in a hurry to get married is a magnificent catalogue of sight gags, all of them written, directed and personally interpreted by a young French funnyman named Pierre Etaix.

WIVES AND LOVERS. A jack (Van Johnson) and two queens (Janet Leigh, Martha Hyer) make a full house in this amusing game of stud devised by Screenwriter Edward Anhalt and Director John Rich, who for the most part play their cards very well indeed.

THE LEOPARD. Burt Lancaster gives the finest performance of his career in one of the year's finest films: Luchino Visconti's

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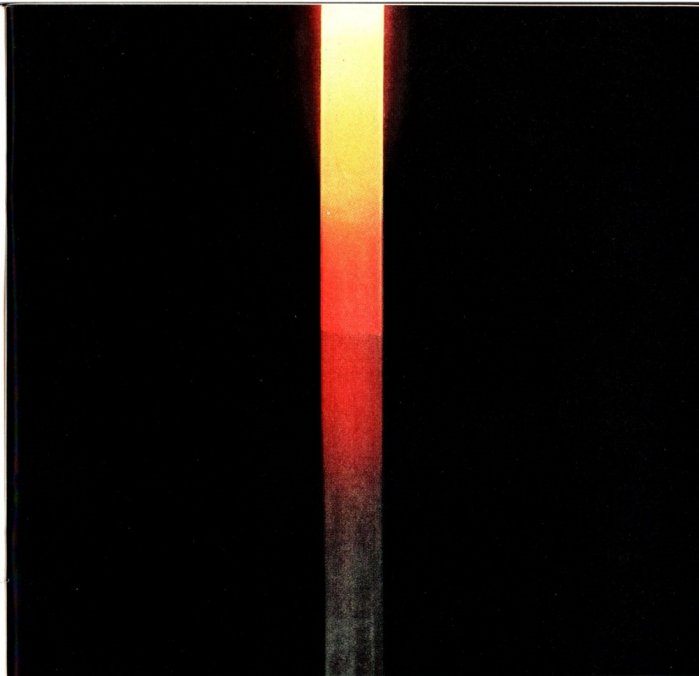
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walk among kangaroos, wallabies, bandicoots—and other animals Noah forgot. See the romantic Outback. Sip tea brewed in a billy in the color-splashed land of Waltzing Matilda. Visit a Merino sheep station and see where the jolly swag man camped by the billabong. Australia is all this—and more. It's the uncommon place. (Even the animals won't conform: foxes fly, mammals lay eggs, birds bark like dogs.) For a free copy of "This is Australia," and materials on New Zealand, see your travel agent or write: Australian National Travel Association, 350 Post Street, San Francisco, California or 636 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York.



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noble, ironic and richly mournful lament for the death of feudalism in Sicily.

LORD OF THE FLIES. With scarcely a nod to Novelist William Golding's chilling allegory of the essential evil in man's nature, the producers end up with little more than a scary adventure story about a band of castaway boys on a desert island.

BOOKS

Best Reading

THE FAIR SISTER, by William Goyen. A white Texan peers behind the façades of the store-front cathedrals in the Negro ghettos of great East Coast cities and finds a world of religion, chicanery and entertainment that only Negroes know from the inside. The novel's heroine, part prophetess, part charlatan, is all woman.

THE AGE OF LOUIS XIV. by Will and Ariel Durant. In the eighth volume of their massive study of Western civilization, the Durants describe with wit and a wealth of anecdote an age preoccupied by the confrontation between rationalism and faith.

CHARLOTTE, by Charlotte Salomon. A touching, visual diary of one Jewish family's persecution and extermination by the Nazis, painted by Charlotte just before her death in Auschwitz in 1943.

THE LETTERS OF ROBERT FROST TO LOUIS UNTERMEYER. The anthologist and the poet corresponded for 46 years. Frost did the talking. Untermeyer the prompting, and the result is a wonderful portrait of Frost, with all his crotchets on display.

TRAVELS: NEAR AND FAR OUT, by Anthony Carson. An engaging, if impractical, travel book by the most freewheeling, free-loading, freethinking tourist guide ever to enter the trade.

THE GROUP, by Mary McCarthy. Miss McCarthy's acerbic portrait of eight Vassar graduates ('33) is bestselling fiction, first-rate sociology about the Depression, and fascinating, previously unrecorded female lore.

THE UNMENTIONABLE NECHAEV, by Michael Prawdin. The story of the youthful fanatic who became the model for the nihilist Verkhovensky in Dostoevsky's classic study of the ethics and psychology of revolutionaries, *The Possessed*, and who devised the bleak, dehumanized code of conspiracy and terror that became the model for Lenin's Bolsheviks.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. The Group, McCarthy (2 last week)
2. The Shoes of the Fisherman, West (1)
3. Caravans, Michener (3)
4. The Collector, Fowles (5)
5. On Her Majesty's Secret Service, Fleming (8)
6. Elizabeth Appleton, O'Hara (4)
7. Joy in the Morning, Smith (7)
8. City of Night, Rechy (6)
9. The Living Reed, Buck
10. The Concubine, Lofts (9)

NONFICTION

1. The American Way of Death, Mitford (1)
2. J.F.K.: The Man and the Myth, Lasky (4)
3. The Fire Next Time, Baldwin (2)
4. My Darling Clementine, Fishman (3)
5. Rascol, North (7)
6. I Owe Russia \$1,200, Hope (5)
7. The Day They Shook the Plum Tree, Lewis (6)
8. The Whole Truth and Nothing But, Hopper (8)
9. The Wine Is Bitter, Eisenhower (9)
10. Terrible Swift Sword, Catton (10)

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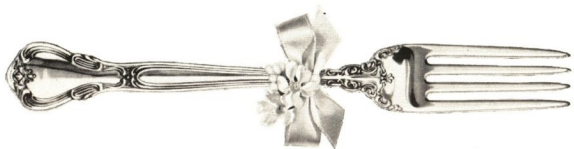
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LETTERS

Technology's Tex

Sir: Your [Oct. 4] article on Litton's "Tex" Thornton certainly symbolized the good that evolves from a government in which men have the freedom to pursue new ideas. The story helped to impress upon me the fact that there are opportunities available in this country to all who wish to make the effort.

BRIDGET M. SLATTERY

Washington, D.C.

Sir: I cackled when I read your article on Thornton. Ten years ago when he left Hughes, I researched him, liked what I read, walked into his office cold and came out with a \$15,000-a-year public relations contract. Hoping to get a raise from the skintint that I worked for in Chicago, I phoned the news to get a go-ahead. He said, "Go back and ask for \$30,000—he'll never last the year."

Thornton, of course, refused, I quit, and I hope that somewhere in the Tribune Tower someone is flogging himself with old press releases.

PAUL R. SIMQU

Beverly Hills, Calif.

Sir: You say Tex Thornton "packed an automatic pistol to deal with any rattlesnakes, bobcats or mountain lions he might encounter."

This puzzled me; it seemed out of character with the man as you described him—a pragmatic, intensely curious intellectual. It was not out of character that he should carry a handgun, but that he should prefer an automatic pistol to a revolver. Knowing your reputation for accurate reporting, I decided you must be correct, though most outdoorsmen prefer revolvers. They are safer; a variety of loads and bullet shapes can be fired through them, including shot cartridges, for use against snakes.

Having spent more than an hour in a traffic jam with nothing else to do but ponder this puzzling paradox, I finally decided he must perform by using the Smith and Wesson model 41 with the short barrel. This seems to me the only possible weapon consistent with his character.

Am I correct?

JOHN BLEIBTREU

New Milford, Conn.

► *No, It's a .32-caliber Colt automatic pistol.*—Ed.

Sir: I think more mention should have been made of his lovely and talented wife, Flora Lancy Thornton. She is a talented singer and has a degree in music from our



MRS. THORNTON

Texas Technological College here in Lubbock. While here in college, Flora was most generous with her singing talent and was the star of many of Lubbock's musical programs. Lubbock people still remember with pleasure the contribution she made to our community with her lovely singing voice.

BLANCH RENFROW

Lubbock, Texas

Sir: A chart used in the [Oct. 4] issue shows that Litton Industries acquired Elliott Automation in 1961. This is completely wrong. I am sure you are aware that Elliott Automation is a large and important company with worldwide interests. Elliott Automation has a subsidiary company, Elliott-Litton Ltd., which is jointly owned with Litton Industries. This was formed in 1961. There is no other connection between the two companies.

SIR LEON BAGBIT

Elliott Automation
London

► *TIME erred.*—Ed.

To the Moon Together

Sir: Kennedy's proposal for a joint expedition to the moon with Russia [Oct. 4] is more than acceptable—and right now—provided that the astronauts are J.F.K. and K. themselves.

BERNARD GREBANIER

Eze Village, France

Wallace's Alabama

Sir: As a Mississippian, I am constantly confronted with the contempt many Southerners hold toward even the name TIME because of its supposed strongly biased

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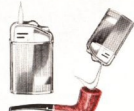
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commentaries on race. Yet the view of Wallace's Alabama [Sept. 27] is outstandingly accurate and fair.

It is precisely this group who, closing their minds to the true consequences, force their Governor and mine to be an irresponsible absolute segregationist.

VERNON TREVATHAN

Lafayette, Ind.

Sir: The article concerning Governor George Wallace of Alabama is very obviously one-sided, prejudiced, and bordering on the sarcastic.

LUCIAN TOUCHSTONE

Dallas

Sir: I do not understand Governor Wallace's gripe about the article, since it certainly gave him credit where credit was due, which is much more than anyone else has done.

WALLACE D. DRISKELL

Auburn, Ala.

Sir: To us, one of the most disturbing aspects of the Birmingham situation is that 95% of Governor Wallace's mail, according to him, is favorable to his racist stand.

MR. AND MRS. FRANK WESTERBERG
Clinton, Conn.

Sir: I know all about George Wallace's favorable letters. I wrote him in June exploring his demagoguery, and he responded with thanks for my wholehearted support. Such a mandate!

JERRY STALLINGS

Houston

Identity in Indonesia

Sir: Thank you for being candid enough to call Sukarno what he is—"rabble-rouser"—and for identifying his true reasons for opposition to the formation of Malaysia.

In vain I searched the editorial pages of four leading East Coast newspapers for a similar statement following the latest outrage. Small wonder our foreign policy exhibits a high degree of vacillation. We seem incapable of recognizing an enemy, or determined to hide his identity in a mass of verbiage.

H. W. ANDERSON JR.

Baltimore

Good-Oh

Sir: Re the magnificent report on Turkey in the Common Market [Sept. 27]: TIME is unfair to Goodyear, which has the heftiest U.S. tire factory here. As representatives of Goodyear and Chrysler for nearly half a century, we are proud to report that both factories are going great guns in the Turkish industrial revolution.

R. YALMAN
Chairman

Tatko Co.

Istanbul

Man in a Mirror

Sir: It would be interesting to know what Caricaturist Kelen [Oct. 4] sees in his own physiognomy. Has he ever been asked?

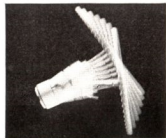
ELMO ST. JOHN

New York City

► Yes, He views himself, he says, as "a cross between a monkey and a vulture, in a way playful like a monkey and purposeful like a vulture. I also look like

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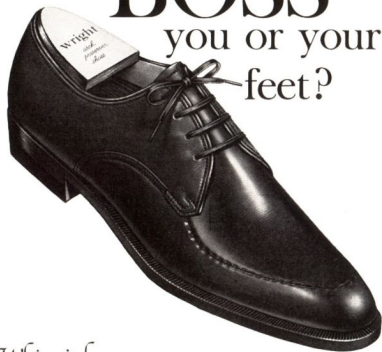
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them: my nose and eyes sharp like the bird, and my biting area protruding and the chin receding like that of a common macaque. In nature I am pretty much like that. That's how I draw myself.—ED.

Down, Down, Down in the Basement

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ELIZABETH J. RICHARDS

Boston

Sir: Filene's shoppers consist of Bostonians, Greater Bostonians and Proper Bostonians. There is no such thing as an "ordinary Bostonian."

ETHELYN M. COCHRANE
Lexington, Mass.

End, of the Column

Sir: About those Pressies: My boss, Ben W. Strange II, changed the name of *Risingsun*, Ohio's weekly paper, from the *Unique* to the *Star Route News*. However, the previous publisher, the first Ben Strange, was for years *Strange*, of the *Unique*.

JUNE MILLER

Bloomdale, Ohio

Address Letters to the Editor to TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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A letter from the PUBLISHER

Bernhard M. Auer

LAST week's TIME carried the last stories written by one of our most accomplished writers, Bruce Barton Jr., who died suddenly on the weekend at the age of 41. A son of a co-founder of Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn, the advertising agency, Bruce graduated *magna cum laude* from Harvard in 1943, was a deck officer on a destroyer escort in the Pacific in World War II, came to TIME out of the Navy. He

warmth of appreciation, a scrupulous fairness. Recalling some of his critiques, his colleagues chose as one of their favorites a passage from a story on Painter John Chumley's work: "A painting of three children's swings, hanging empty from a leafless tree, is filled with yesterday's laughter. And the open window of an abandoned house fills one canvas with mystery, like a mouth that has much to tell but cannot speak."



BRUCE BARTON JR.

wrote a distinguished Education section for nine years, then moved to Foreign News, and some three years ago took over the Art section. Among his 14 cover stories were two perceptive pieces on the intellectual in America (Thornton Wilder, Jan. 12, 1953; Jacques Barzun, June 11, 1956), a fascinating report on his alma mater (Nathan Pusey, March 1, 1954), and a sensitive essay on a brilliant architect (Le Corbusier, May 5, 1961).

Bruce was one of the few writers around TIME who never took off his coat. He had a wonderful dry wit, but some of his best lines will never be known; he murmured them so quietly that nobody heard.

While he approached art as a writer, not as an expert, he marshaled an impressive array of abilities. He had good taste, an educated sensibility, an unusual breadth and

ALMOST every TIME story draws deeply on background material, and this week's cover story on British Labor Party Leader Harold Wilson is a special example. London Political Correspondent Honor Balfour has known Wilson since both were students at Oxford, where she was president of the Liberal Club while he was a member. She recalled that "he would scurry along The Broad to committee meetings, gown ballooning in the wind, usually with an armful of books, a cheery little chap with a round, cherubic face like a pink scrubbed cherry stone and a little forelock of short-cropped hair curling briefly onto his forehead."

Through the years, Correspondent Balfour has reported on every phase of Wilson's career as he switched from Liberal to Labor and rose to party leadership. Her detailed knowledge of the general British political situation, gained in 20 years of reporting, gave extraordinary depth to her report for the cover story. Using her report, as well as files from the whole London staff, Associate Editor Michael Demarest, who got his education in England (Rugby, Oxford) and spent more than three years as a correspondent in the London Bureau, wrote a definitive study of the British political situation and the man who may be the next Prime Minister.*

* Shown on the cover before a background of the Labor Party's modernized symbol.

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THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

October 11, 1963

Vol. 82 No. 15

THE NATION

FOREIGN RELATIONS

Unclouded Judgment

To the Western mind South Viet Nam's political war, as symbolized last week by another case of Buddhist self-immolation, seems even uglier than the shooting war.

U.S. helicopters can be shot down, young men from Wyoming and Rhode Island can die in Viet Nam's jungles without rating more than passing attention. But the thought of a human making a torch of himself to protest political repression is so shocking as to arouse anger and emotion in most Americans.

That anger, that emotion, might easily have clouded the judgment of Defense Secretary Robert McNamara and Joint Chiefs Chairman Maxwell Taylor during their intensive seven-day inspection of South Viet Nam. But it didn't. And, upon their return to Washington last week, what emerged from their report to President Kennedy was a U.S. policy statement that seems both sensible and firm.

Excerpts from the statement:

"The security of South Viet Nam is a major interest of the United States, as of other free nations. We will adhere to our policy of working with the people and government of South Viet Nam to deny this country to Communism.

"The military program in South Viet Nam has made progress and is sound in principle, though improvements are being energetically sought.

"Secretary McNamara and General Taylor reported their judgment that the major part of the United States military task can be completed by the end of 1965.

"They reported that by the end of this year the United States program for training Vietnamese should have progressed to the point where 1,000 United States military personnel assigned to Viet Nam can be withdrawn.

"The political situation in South Viet Nam remains deeply serious. The United States has made clear its continuing opposition to any repressive actions in South Viet Nam. While such actions have not yet significantly affected the military effort, they could do so in the future."

What did all this mean? Three major conclusions could be drawn:

► Winning the war against the Communist Viet Cong comes first. The U.S. therefore will continue to string along



TAYLOR & McNAMARA WITH THE PRESIDENT

Winning the war comes first.

with South Viet Nam's Diem regime, if only for the reason cited last week by the New York Herald Tribune in recalling an Al Smith quote: "You don't change barrels while going over Niagara Falls."

► Forcing the Diem regime to reform itself remains a major aim of U.S. policy. But apparently abandoned is the notion that this can be accomplished by words, by critical television statements or denunciatory whispers to newsmen. Instead, there is every indication that the U.S. now intends to bring quiet but steady and substantive pressures on the Diem government. Under way are White House studies of the possibility of rearranging aid shipments to South Viet Nam so as to cut down on everything that is not essential to the military effort against the Viet Cong.

► Ending bitter disputes among personnel of various U.S. agencies—particularly the State Department, the Pentagon, and the Central Intelligence Agency—about policy toward Viet Nam is a must. Last week the Administration made clear that, except for the actual conduct of military operations, Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge is the man in charge of all U.S. efforts in South Viet Nam. The first test of Lodge's authority came quickly. At his request, Washington recalled John Richardson, chief

CIA representative in South Viet Nam. All agreed that Richardson had handled a hard job efficiently. But his operations had become too "exposed," and his continued presence hampered Lodge's new get-tough approach.

In setting a 1965 deadline for victory in the bullet battle against the Viet Cong, the Administration was not necessarily making a military judgment. Such a judgment would be unrealistic. After all, wars against jungle guerrillas are almost always long, nasty affairs; it took twelve years for the British and Malaysians to subdue Communist guerrillas in Malaya. But the apparent deadline did have a shrewd political aim. It served notice that if the Diem regime does not reform itself, the U.S. can fairly say: You, and not the U.S., are responsible for the failure to achieve victory—and you cannot accuse the U.S. of not having given you every chance.

A Display of Affection

When Ethiopia's Emperor Haile Selassie pleaded gallantly but in vain for League of Nations help against the invading troops of Benito Mussolini in 1936, the wiry little Lion of Judah won the affection of the U.S. That continuing affection was displayed throughout the Emperor's official state visit to the U.S. last week. He was applauded

and pursued by an unusually spirited noontime crowd of parade watchers in Washington, by delegates to the U.N. in New York, by autograph seekers along lower Broadway. In Philadelphia, even union pickets on strike at a hotel cheered when he strode across their lines to reach his suite.

Since there are no weighty differences between the U.S. and Ethiopia, the glittering round of gold-plate lunches, dinners and receptions thrown by official Washington were full of sentiment. Said President Kennedy in a dinner toast: "There is really no comparable figure in the world who occupied and held the attention and the imagination of almost all free countries in the mid-'30s and still could in the summer of 1963 in his own capital dominate the affairs of his continent." Responded the Emperor: "I recall with most poignant emotion the moral support that Ethiopia received from the U.S. in the dark hour when my country was ravished by fascism 27 years ago."

Leopard in the Garden. Such an occasion clearly called for an exchange of gifts, and they were lavish. The President gave the 71-year-old monarch a steel-and-silver replica of the sword General George Washington carried throughout most of the Revolutionary War, a Tiffany silver desk set, a 16-mm. movie projector with films of Selassie's red-carpet arrival at Washington's Union Station and an autographed photograph of himself in a silver frame. The Emperor presented the President with an Ethiopian Bible copied by hand on parchment bound in silver and overlaid with a gold crucifix, a 200-year-old Coptic church book, a silver fruit bowl inlaid with gold, a silver miniature of

the Lion of Judah statue in Addis Ababa, and an autographed photo of himself in a silver frame.

For Caroline and John Jr., the Emperor brought figures of a soldier and an Ethiopian girl, each carved in ivory. Jacqueline Kennedy, making her first ceremonial appearance since the birth and death of her infant son, presented the Emperor's granddaughter, Princess Ruth Desta, 33, with a leatherbound guidebook to the White House, three art books and a vermeil dresser set. Then Jackie, looking pleased, appeared in the White House rose garden in a full-length leopard skin coat despite the warm afternoon. "He gave it to me," Jackie explained to the President, with a nod toward the Emperor. "I was wondering why you had it on in the garden," replied Jack.

Wreath of Coins. Selassie did, however, have something serious on his mind: his sympathy for U.S. Negroes in their drive for civil rights and his high regard for President Kennedy's efforts to aid that drive. The Emperor insisted on meeting N.A.A.C.P. Executive Secretary Roy Wilkins, laid a 50-lb. solid silver wreath, fashioned from Ethiopian coins, at the Lincoln Memorial. In his forthright speech to the U.N.'s General Assembly, Selassie declared: "The Administration of President Kennedy is leading a vigorous attack to eradicate the remaining vestiges of racial discrimination from this country. We know that this conflict will be won and that right will triumph."

On such matters Selassie is in a position to speak for much of Africa. His effective leadership as honorary president of the summit conference on African unity in Addis Ababa last May

established his position as a moderate who might bridge the communications gap between the widely divergent African factions. In his own land his tight rule is controversial, but from a pragmatic U.S. point of view it has been effective. Ethiopia is fiscally sound, is one of the few nations to repay its lend-lease obligations in full. Selassie dispatched troops to U.N. combat in both Korea and the Congo. He has eagerly accepted 244 U.S. Peace Corpsmen as schoolteachers to raise the literacy standards of his people.

The visit was meant to cement such harmony. Toward that end, Selassie had long talks not only with Jack Kennedy, but with Bobby and Teddy as well. He was even accorded a full-fledged Washington press conference. Unfortunately, he had to deal with questions just as inane as some of those Kennedy fields. Inquired one lady reporter: "How do leopard skins of Ethiopia compare in quality with those of Somalia?" Selassie smiled gamely, said there was no difference.

THE PRESIDENCY

Down by the Old Mills Stream

"I read in the New York Times this morning," President Kennedy told 7,000 listeners in the piney foothills of the Arkansas Ozarks last week, "that if Wilbur Mills requested it, I'd be glad to come down here and sing *Down by the Old Mill Stream*. I want to say I am delighted." Kennedy meant what he said. As chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, Arkansas Democrat Mills has powered three of the President's principal pieces of legislation through the House: the tax and trade bills of 1962 and the tax-cut bill now before the Senate Finance Committee. Mills had only to ask if the President would come down to dedicate a new federal dam in his congressional district, and John Kennedy was on his way.

Civil Wrongs. "Pound for pound," said the President at the ceremonies, "I supposed the Arkansas delegation yields more influence in Congress than the delegation from any of the other 49 states. That could be good or bad. In this case it happens to be good."^{*}

Not so good was the lukewarm reception Kennedy got during his first foray into the South in 4½ months. Since then, the civil rights issue has glowed red-hot. At Greens Ferry Dam and at a Little Rock fair later in the day, the crowds were curious and courteous, but not enthusiastic. And Governor Orval Faubus, who contends that

^{*} Besides Mills, who weighs 170, the all-Democratic delegation includes Senator J. W. Fulbright, 165, chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee; Senator John McClellan, 180, chairman of the investigation-prone Government Operations Committee; Representative Oren Harris, 165, chairman of the House Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce; Representative Ezekiel C. Gathings, 168, noted mainly for his investigation of obscene literature; Representative James W. Trimble, 155, the delegation's No. 1 liberal.



EMPEROR HAILE SELASSIE IN MANHATTAN
Man to be remembered.

THE CONGRESS

Barry Goldwater could beat Kennedy in Arkansas today, was not even polite.

With the President sitting six feet away at the dedication ceremonies, Faubus blasted the Administration's civil rights program. Said he: "We observe a great deal of time and effort being spent in sponsoring unworkable proposals . . . that would go so far as to deprive a citizen of the right of trial by jury . . . and to take from the states even more of the rights guaranteed to them under the Constitution. To abridge or destroy these basic rights will constitute civil wrongs, even though the effort may masquerade under the name of civil rights."

No Gentleman, Kennedy, when he took the rostrum, ignored the attack. Faubus claimed afterward that many Arkansians, outraged by Kennedy's stand on civil rights, had urged him not to introduce the President. "I figured I'd have to say it to protect myself," said he, "and I'd rather say it when he's here than after he's left." Complained Little Rock's Arkansas Gazette: "We might have wished that Mr. Faubus could have behaved himself like a gentleman for at least one day."

Grecian Holiday

Back in Washington after three months on Cape Cod, Jacqueline Kennedy stayed around long enough to greet Haile Selassie and to chat with him—in French—at a private White House tea later in the day. Then, taking leave of the Emperor with an appreciative "*Je suis comblée*" (I am overcome), she was off again—this time for a 15-day, "strictly private" holiday in Greece.

Flying over the Atlantic, Jackie was indeed nearly overcome, had to whiff oxygen to relieve her fatigue. Four first-class seats were arranged to provide a berth so that the First Lady could rest. In Greece Jackie took it easy, her privacy assured by 80 Greek policemen and coast guardsmen who patrolled the land and water approaches to the villa of wealthy Greek Shipper Markos Nomikos overlooking the Saronic Gulf near Athens. During her 1961 visit, Jackie had used the same villa.

The First Lady watched from a white



JACKIE & SISTER LEE IN ATHENS
Lady at ease.

speedboat while her sister, Princess Lee Radziwill, went water skiing on Vouliagmeni Bay. Later she was driven 26 miles to Taioti Palace, a forested retreat in the foothills of Mount Parnes, for tea with King Paul and Queen Frederika.

Just to keep things from getting dull, Greek Shipping Magnate Aristotele Onassis sailed his 325-ft. pleasure palace, the *Christina*, to Jackie's white-washed villa and put the yacht at her disposal. Jackie had no trouble finding uses for it. She threw a dinner party and a midnight shipboard dance for eleven guests, among them the Radziwills, Owner Onassis and Under Secretary of Commerce Franklin D. Roosevelt Jr., who was in Greece to discuss trade matters with local officials. While the guests slept that night, the *Christina*, loaded with fresh peaches, black figs and pomegranates, and decorated from stem to stern with red roses and gladioli, weighed anchor and set sail through the Aegean for a visit to Istanbul. On hand to care for the party of twelve was a crew of 60 that included a dance band and two *coiffeurs* from Athens.

Work Done

Moving with uncommon dispatch, the 88th Congress last week:

► Approved, by a 333-to-5 House vote, a \$1.2 billion military pay boost, which the President quickly and "with great pleasure" signed into law (see box). Effective as of Oct. 1, the raise is the first for servicemen since 1958, gives its highest-percentage increases to younger officers and noncoms as incentives to keep them in uniform. For those who are risking their lives in such cold war hot spots as Viet Nam but are technically ineligible for combat pay, there will be an added \$55 a month in "hostile fire" pay. No sooner had Congress acted than Defense Secretary McNamara ordered an end to special overseas-duty pay of \$8 to \$22.50 a month for some 375,000 enlisted men, most of them stationed in Western Europe, Japan and Hawaii. Another 225,000 men, serving in areas with "undesirable climate, lack of normal community facilities, and inaccessibility of location," will continue to draw the special pay.

► Rejected, by an 11-to-4 vote in the Senate Finance Committee, a motion by Illinois Democrat Paul Douglas calling for a speedup in committee hearings on the Administration's \$11.1 billion tax-cut bill. Douglas, who asked that hearings begin this week and be limited to four weeks, cried that the motion's defeat was a "crushing blow" to the tax measure. Other Senators thought that the motion had been no more to begin with than an ill-conceived effort to pressure Finance Chairman Harry Byrd and an affront to the chairman's traditional prerogative of scheduling hearings. At week's end Byrd had yet to set a date for public hearings.

► Approved, by voice vote in the Senate, a resolution giving former Presidents the right to speak on the Senate floor. Urged by many a U.S. Senator and Representative since 1944, the resolution in effect offers the Senate floor as a forum for the counsel of the three living ex-Presidents—Herbert Hoover, Harry Truman and Dwight Eisenhower. The resolution, however, limits ex-

THE SERVICEMEN'S PAY RAISE

Under the military pay bill signed into law by President Kennedy last week, everyone in uniform with at least two years service will get a raise. The table below com-

pares the old Army and Navy maximum basic pay scales with those provided by the new law. The same hikes will go to equivalent Air Force and Marine grades.

Rank	Monthly	Monthly	Dollar
Army/Navy	Old Maximums	New Maximums	Increase
Chief of Staff	\$1875	\$1970	\$ 95
General/Admiral	1700	1785	85
Lieut. General/Vice Admiral	1500	1575	75
Major General/Rear Admiral	1350	1425	75
Brigadier General/Rear Admiral	1175	1235	60
Colonel/Captain	985	1085	100
Lieut. Colonel/Commander	775	835	60
Major/Lieut. Commander	630	740	110
Captain/Lieutenant	525	640	115
1st Lieutenant/Lieutenant j.g.	380	475	95
2nd Lieutenant/Ensign	314	375	61
Chief Warrant Officer 4	595	685	90

Rank	Monthly	Monthly	Dollar
Army/Navy	Old Maximums	New Maximums	Increase
Chief Warrant Officer 3	\$ 506	\$ 580	\$ 74
Chief Warrant Officer 2	440	505	65
Warrant Officer	390	450	60
Sergeant Major/Master Chief Petty Officer	440	560	120
Master Sergeant/Sr. Chief Petty Officer	360	500	140
Sergeant 1st Class/Chief Petty Officer	350	450	100
Staff Sergeant/Petty Officer 1st Class	290	330	40
Sergeant/Petty Officer 2nd Class	240	280	40
Corporal/Petty Officer 3rd Class	190	215	25
Private 1st Class/Seaman	141	165	24
Private/Seaman Apprentice	108	120	12
Private Recruit/Seaman Recruit	105	110	5

Presidents to speeches delivered "upon appropriate notice," falls far short of other long-standing efforts to declare them "Senators at large" with full rights in voting and debate.

► Increased, in the House, stationery, postage and telephone allowances for Representatives, despite some fiery denunciations by Iowa Dollar Watcher H. R. Gross. The Representatives voted themselves a \$600 increase in stationery allowance (to \$2,400 per year), an extra \$100 a year for air-mail and special-delivery stamps, and an 11% increase in telegraph and long-distance-telephone allowances. Republican Gross failed in his efforts to force roll-call votes, but did set off some verbal fireworks. After a scathing attack by the Iowan on congressional spending, including junkets abroad, North Carolina Democrat Harold D. Cooley snapped: "You sit back here and snipe year after year. If you don't want to go, why



WALTER BENNETT

IOWA'S H. R. GROSS

"So just keep your feet braced."

don't you just shut up?" Retorted Gross: "I'm going to continue to snipe at all junketing organizations. So just keep your feet braced."

► Passed, by voice vote in the Senate, a measure suspending the "equal time" requirement of the Federal Communications Act, as applied to presidential campaigning, for 60 days before the 1964 election. In effect, the measure would open the way for a repeat of the Kennedy-Nixon type of television debate by ensuring that a network that offers free time to the major-party candidates would not also be obligated to provide free time to a host of minor candidates. The Senate measure now goes to a final vote in the House, where a 75-day suspension had been approved last June. The bill left some Republican Senators with misgivings. Said New Hampshire's Norris Cotton, a supporter of Barry Goldwater: "Perhaps I should be pretty chary about this legislation because there is a substantial body of evidence to indicate that Vice President Nixon may have lost the 1960 election as a result of the great debates."

INVESTIGATIONS

"The Smell of It"

Ethel Kennedy showed up for a front-row seat. So did James Meredith and Dowager Alice Roosevelt Longworth, who chirped: "I wanted to get the smell of it." Even Caroline Kennedy's White House kindergarten teacher was there. The Valachi hearings were plainly the place to go in Washington last week. But they were still a pretty shabby show, with Hoodlum Joseph Valachi, 60, being fawned over merely because he had turned squealer.

Valachi seemed to enjoy it thoroughly. Bronzed from a District of Columbia jail sun lamp and sucking a juice-filled plastic lemon to soothe his sore throat, he mumbled a litany of remembered violence on the sidewalks of New York in the '30s. He described the bloody revolution among rival Neapolitan and Sicilian Cosa Nostra families in the New York-New Jersey area that took 60-odd lives with stiletto and chopper, involved intricate double and triple crosses and led to the ascendancy of Vito Genovese as the Mafia's "boss of bosses."

"Got Dat, Senators?" With professional nonchalance, Valachi detailed hits (murders) he had a hand in, punctuated his scrambled syntax ("There was this fella named which he died a long time ago") with a solicitous "got dat clear, Senators?" They sometimes had not. Cried South Dakota Republican Karl Mundt at one murky point: "You're getting me all confused. It sounds like a Chinese chess game."

To others it sounded more like a fairy tale. Police and gangsters alike scoffed at Valachi's melodramatic recital of his initiation into the mob. "This knife and gun business is nonsense—strictly amateur-night material," said one. Added a cop: "Valachi must be talking off the top of his head. We know that some of these things can only be hearsay because by his own testimony he was only small potatoes in the mob. He just wouldn't have been privy to what was happening."

Even worse than the stale underworld gossip being mouthed by Valachi was the fact that he got mixed up on names and places.

"Awfully Sorry." The night after Valachi described "Bobby Doyle" of Stamford, Conn., as triggerman in three 1930 slayings, a Stamford businessman named Robert Doyle, who was twelve years old in 1930, began getting nasty phone calls. Next day, Connecticut Democratic Senator Abraham Ribicoff protested, and Valachi remembered that his Bobby Doyle, an alias for Gangster Girolamo Santuccio, lived in Hartford. Chairman McClellan allowed that he was "awfully sorry" about the mistake, but a good many people thought that it was disgraceful for the Senate to permit Valachi to broadcast rumors and hearsay. Said Maine's Democratic Edmund Muskie, a committee member: "What a waste of time."

POLITICAL HOT STOVE LEAGUE

With the presidential election still more than a year away, this is the Hot-Stove League season in national politics. It is the time when small trades are talked about, small promises made, small wagers placed on the prospects.

But all those small things can add up to a lot. In Autumn 1963, there is no doubt about who next summer's Democratic presidential nominee will be. And so the Hot-Stove League talk centers around the G.O.P. situation. Arizona's Senator Barry Goldwater has a huge lead for the nomination; there is strong evidence that he might give Incumbent Democrat Kennedy a real run in the November election (TIME, Oct. 4).

For nearly three weeks, TIME's Chicago Bureau Chief Murray Galt has been touring the U.S. talking to Republicans in all sections. His camp-by-camp report of their activities:

GOLDWATER: The Bandwagon

The Senator insists that he is still "just pooding around the country" raising funds for the party. But "Draft Goldwater" committees are sprouting like winter wheat, should be established in every state by mid-October. Some states already have Goldwater groups clear down to the precinct level, waiting only until Barry formally announces his candidacy—probably in January—to move into high gear.

Of the U.S.'s 16 Republican Governors, four already are avowed Goldwater men. They are Arizona's Paul Fannin, Oklahoma's Henry Bellmon, Montana's Tim Babcock and Wyoming's Cliff Hansen. Leaning strongly to Goldwater are four more: Colorado's John Love, Kansas' John Anderson, Utah's George Clyde and South Dakota's Archie Gubbrud. Maine's John Reed is still stringing along with Rocky, Idaho's Robert Smylie, Rhode Island's John Chafee and Oregon's Mark Hatfield have leaned to Rocky, now believe his prospects are dead, and apparently are casting around for another candidate. That leaves only Favorite Sons Rockefeller, Romney, Scranton, and Ohio's James Rhodes.

So strong is the Goldwater swell that many leaders are finding it dangerous to oppose him. Indiana's State Chairman H. Dale Brown, a Rockefeller admirer, resigned recently because so many party officials were working openly for Goldwater. Ohio's Rhodes is leery of Goldwater, fears Barry would totally lose the state's Negro vote and might revive the explosive right-to-work issue. But Ohio observers agree that the party's rank and file is strongly for Goldwater and Rhodes may have trouble holding the delegation in line. Similarly, Michigan Republicans are get-

ting restive about Romney's prospects, would jump to Goldwater in an instant if Romney were to release them.

Though Texas Senator John Tower has been his front man, in recent weeks Senator Norris Cotton of New Hampshire and ex-California Senator William Knowland have boarded his bandwagon. In Ohio, Industrialist George Humphrey, Ike's Treasury Secretary, is drumming up business support. Canny Lawyer Herbert Brownell, Ike's Attorney General, has been turning up lately at Goldwater rallies. And enough money is rolling into Goldwater coffers to impress even a Rockefeller. "Hell," said a Chicago Republican after a draft-Goldwater meeting, "someone said something about money, and within ten minutes we had \$375,000 pledged."

One major Goldwater worry is that Senior Republican Dwight Eisenhower is still mad at him for having cracked that "one Eisenhower in a decade is enough" when asked what he thought about Milton Eisenhower as a presidential possibility. Goldwater is trying to set things right with Ike. He has written Bryce Harlow, a key pipeline to Eisenhower, explaining that the remark was made in the context of the Kennedy dynasty issue, that he actually said the American people would not take another Kennedy after Jack, just as one Eisenhower in a decade was enough. Also, Goldwater Worker John Tower recently went to Gettysburg for a friendly chat, and Goldwater himself hopes to visit Ike soon.

Aware that he will be under increasingly close scrutiny, Goldwater has scheduled private seminars to bring himself up to date on such subjects as U.S. policy in Eastern Europe. He has rented an electronic computer, and is feeding all his comments on major issues into it so he will not unwittingly contradict himself. "Consistency is not necessarily a virtue," he says, "but I haven't changed my stand on any fundamental issue and I don't intend to."

ROCKEFELLER: The Dark Days

"How do you tell a corpse he's a corpse?" ponders a G.O.P. Governor who is friendly to Rocky. So remote are Rockefeller's chances that some of his previous backers are now urging him to withdraw from presidential contention completely, thereby opening the way for another progressive candidate.

But Rocky refuses to play dead. He went off on a twelve-day tour of Europe, met with headline-making figures like Pope Paul VI, France's President Charles de Gaulle, German Chancellor-designate Ludwig Erhard and British Labor Party Leader Harold Wilson. He still intends to enter the New Hampshire, California, and possibly the West Virginia primaries, and wage a person-to-person campaign in the style of the late Estes Kefauver. It is generally con-

ceded that he is badly trailing Goldwater in all three states; in California, for example, polls give him 35% of Republican votes against 65% for Goldwater. It would be suicidal for Rocky to run against Goldwater in the Illinois, Indiana, Nebraska and South Dakota primaries. In the Ohio primary, he would presumably run up against Governor Rhodes; in Wisconsin, Representative John Byrnes figures to be a favorite-son candidate. Oregon is an unpredictable free-for-all, for as many as a dozen people often wind up on the primary ballot, whether they want to be there or not.

Rocky's meteoric descent stems only in part from his remarriage last May. Many Republican leaders think he made an even more serious political mistake with his furious denunciation of the "radical right" in July. Among other things, this gave Barry a golden opportunity to go around preaching party unity. In his dark days, Rocky is having trouble finding a campaign manager with national status. He got a flat no from bulky Len Hall, Dwight Eisenhower's 1952 campaign-train manager, now is trying to enlist ex-G.O.P. National Chairman Meade Alcorn, a Dartmouth classmate.

But even if he loses, Rockefeller fully intends to make a fight for his progressive principles when it comes time for the G.O.P. to write its platform at the San Francisco convention. This prospect gives many Republicans the willies. They remember all too well how Rocky forced his views on Richard Nixon in 1960—and how Nixon gave in in a fashion that may well have cost him the election. Says a top Republican of the possibility that Rocky will try to repeat that performance: "He might break all the china in the party's closet."

ROMNEY: Trouble with Timetables

Michigan's Governor George Romney is the probable preference of both Eisenhower and Nixon. Surveys indicate that next only to Goldwater he would run best against Kennedy.

But Romney remains adamant in his denials. "I'm not going to be a candidate. I'm not going to seek the nomination. I'm not going to become part of any 'stop' movement." Sighs a Republican who favors him: "It's tough when a fella's got the attitude he has."

Making it even tougher is Romney's timetable. He is deeply involved with a special session of the legislature, which is considering his make-or-break tax-reform proposals. If his program passes, Romney must immediately plunge into budget conferences, then into another legislative session that will probably last until April. Only then will he even make up his mind about whether to run again for Governor. And by then, it may be far too late for him to make a move toward the presidential nomination.

THE OTHERS: Not Much Bounce

Little known outside the East, Pennsylvania's Governor William Scranton seems to want to keep it that way, and Republicans are beginning to believe his vehement denials of candidacy. There is no movement in the works for him.

Mentioned more and more often as a compromise candidate is Kentucky's Senator Thruston Morton, thanks in large part to recent praise from Ike. But Morton has been doing about as much as Romney and Scranton to further his cause—which is to say, nothing.

Another whose name has been cropping up lately, though some Republicans consider him to be hopelessly damaged goods, is Richard Nixon. "I'm not going to be a candidate in 1964," insisted Nixon in Manhattan last week. In 1968, when he will be only 55, he might entertain more ambitious ideas. Others whose names have been tossed out to see how they would bounce: General Lucius Clay, ex-Minnesota Representative Walter Judd, Oregon Governor Mark Hatfield. None bounced.

ADDING IT UP

Almost all Republicans agree that if Goldwater beats Rockefeller in the New Hampshire primary, the nomination is his. They also agree that he might win the nomination even if he were to lose in, say, New Hampshire and California.

Despite this, there are plenty of leaders who, though fond of Barry, do not like the situation. They are distressed by the enthusiasm shown for him by such extreme right-wing groups as the John Birch Society. But there are some indications that that very enthusiasm is bringing many of the extremists into the regular Republican Party—and in so doing they make the party no more conservative, but rather become more moderate themselves.

Again, some Republicans fear that the civil rights views that make Goldwater so popular in the South would work against him in the North. Goldwater's backers reply that the G.O.P. need not worry too much about losing the big-city Negro vote, since the party doesn't have that vote anyway. And they note the possibility of a big-city backlash by low-income whites resentful of Negro gains in jobs, housing and education. In Philadelphia, a recent poll indicated that 11% of the Democrats had switched to the G.O.P., mostly because of the civil rights issue.

The question that frets many Republican leaders most of all is whether Goldwater is merely a one-sentence candidate whose oversimplified views would not stand up under the intense heat of a presidential campaign.

The answer is still out. About all that can be fairly said is that Goldwater's views, oversimplified as they may seem, have taken him a long way so far.

FOREIGN TRADE

Impasse on Wheat

The great wheat deal with the Russians last week entered a backing-and-filling phase.

Two weeks ago, a Soviet trade mission in Ottawa offered to buy some \$200 million worth of U.S. wheat to ease the effects of a disastrous harvest. Czechoslovakia, Bulgaria and Hungary weighed in with formal bids for another \$60 million worth. First reaction in the U.S. was heavily favorable—even Arizona's Senator Barry Goldwater said he was for it. But suddenly the whole thing seemed to bog down.

Grubbing for Gold. The Russians were hesitant to submit an official order, wanted advance assurance from Washington that it would be approved. President Kennedy was reluctant to commit himself until he got assurance from congressional conservatives that they would not clobber him at some future date for giving aid and comfort to the enemy. Compounding confusion, Premier Khrushchev made it sound as if he no longer wanted the wheat by declaring: "If we use bread economically, the resources we now have will be sufficient for the normal supply of the population." Taking Khrushchev's words to mean that Russia's recent wheat-buying binge was over, Soviet traders in Canada announced that they had enough wheat "without having to buy any from the United States."

Despite Khrushchev's comment—which might have been made strictly for domestic consumption—the Administration is going ahead on the assumption that Russia still wants the wheat. The next move is up to Kennedy, who could get things started by quietly giving wheat brokers the green light to accept Russian orders—provided the Russians are still buying. Once the orders were in hand, the brokers could begin moving the wheat.

Though most Congressmen expressed no objections to the deal, a vocal minority last week began lambasting it. "Why not sell the Russians our tobacco surplus?" said Idaho Democrat Ralph Harding. "They might contract lung cancer." In the Senate, Kentucky Republican John Sherman Cooper declared, "I dislike seeing the United States, great nation that it is, chasing off in a grubby manner after Russian gold." In Coronado, Calif., Goldwater reversed his field, charged that the wheat sale, coming on top of the proposed joint moon venture, is fresh proof that the Kennedys are running "a Soviet-American mutual aid society."

Sweetening a Sale. Despite the grumbling, overall sentiment for the deal was strong, particularly in view of the fact that Canada, Australia, West Germany and France are already selling wheat and flour to the Russians. Senate Minority Leader Everett Dirksen said he would go along with it, though he urged the Administration to seek "sweeteners"

in the form of political concessions. Wheat growers approved overwhelmingly, with or without sweeteners. Agriculture Secretary Orville Freeman pointed out that the deal would yield a handsome propaganda dividend by showing the world "which country has the agriculture that works." Fact is, both the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. are suffering from farm scandals—the U.S.'s a glut of subsidized agricultural products, the U.S.S.R.'s a shortage brought on by Communist dogmas.

CIVIL RIGHTS

A Zealot's Stand

Ever since Cambridge, Md.'s racial demonstrations began in December 1961, the avowed goal of the city's 4,000 Negroes has been acceptance at white restaurants, bowling alleys, tav-



GLORIA RICHARDSON
Instead of a win, a whim.

erns and other public accommodations. Last summer's madness, sparked by a June 11 riot in which three whites were shot and three white businesses firebombed, led to a truce that met many lesser Negro demands—desegregation of all Dorchester County schools, hiring of a Negro in the state employment office, and creation of a biracial commission. Still hanging fire was the public accommodations issue.

Last week a public-accommodations measure—in the form of a city charter amendment—was put to Cambridge's 5,282 registered voters. It failed by 274 votes (1,994 to 1,720). Only 600 of the city's 3,747 registered whites failed to vote; less than half the 1,535 registered Negroes bothered to. The failure can largely be chalked up to Gloria Richardson, 41, the gaunt, fierce-eyed leader of Cambridge's Negroes.

Ringing Doorbells. City officials without exception, businessmen with some exceptions, the clergy almost unanimously, and the local press, all fervently endorsed the amendment. Moderate white groups rang doorbells in favor of

it. But what everyone failed to reckon with was not only the impassioned sentiments of segregationist whites, but also those of Mrs. Richardson.

Gloria and her Cambridge Nonviolent Action Committee were in the forefront of the June-July demonstrations that shook Cambridge and put it under Maryland National Guard law. She was a power in the biracial negotiations that followed. Militantly against any sort of compromise, she was unbending in her demand that a public accommodations ordinance be passed by the Cambridge city council. But the council simply could not bring itself to take such a bold step, decided instead to try for a charter amendment, which led to last week's referendum.

Making Threats. With a zealot's fervor, Gloria exhorted Cambridge's Negroes to boycott the election because, she said, it was wrong to submit "the constitutional rights of our people to the whim of a popular majority." Officials of other civil rights groups begged her to change her stand. She wouldn't. The result was the amendment's defeat and threats of renewed demonstrations by Gloria's group, which caused Cambridge Postmaster J. Edward Walter, leader of the white moderates, to predict: "This town is gone. I don't see how we are going to survive."

It all seemed a strange brand of leadership, particularly at a time when in some parts of the U.S., her fellow Negroes were shedding blood in their struggle for the right to vote.

SPACE

An Epilogue to Ineptitude

With a pinpoint, mid-Pacific landing by Major Leroy Gordon Cooper, a roar of triumph and a burst of national pride, the Mercury phase of the U.S.'s man-in-space program ended last May. Last week it seemed apparent that, save for sheer luck and pluck, Project Mercury might just as readily have ended in disaster. In a 444-page epilogue to Mercury, the National Aeronautics and Space Administration told a hair-raising tale of failures, ineptitude and just plain carelessness among the private contractors who built and equipped the space capsules.

The contractors, NASA reported, delivered capsules with more than 500 defects, and spare parts that were more than 50% defective. On Mercury's six manned flights, there was an average of ten equipment malfunctions—any one of which might have resulted in fatal failures. Only emergency backup systems and the skill of the astronauts in manual control saved the missions.

NASA also blamed private industry for crucial delays in the \$384 million Mercury program. As originally scheduled, the first American astronaut would have blasted into orbit as early as April of 1960, nearly a year before the Soviet Union's first manned flight. Instead, John Glenn's three-orbit trip was de-

layed 22 months. In that interval, said the report, "time and money were expended in Mercury to rectify cases where improper materials were found in the systems because someone had failed to follow the approved materials list." NASA singled out no particular companies from the total of twelve prime contractors, 75 major subcontractors and some 7,200 suppliers involved in Mercury. In a report appendix it listed prime contractors as Aerospace Corp., Chrysler Corp., General Dynamics/Astronautics, General Electric Co., Burroughs Corp., B. F. Goodrich Co., McDonnell Aircraft Corp., North American Aviation, Inc., Pan American World Airways, Inc., Philco Corp., Thiokol Chemical Corp. and Western Electric Co.

Among the specific indictments in NASA's harsh report:

- In an early unmanned flight, motion pictures showed a weightless clutter of washers, wire cuttings, bolts and alligator clips floating inside the capsule.
- During inspections before Glenn's flight, it was discovered that electrical connectors had been improperly soldered in the escape towers of both Glenn's capsule and his backup capsule, leaving the escape devices useless.
- During preparations for Walter M. Schirra's mission, 14 storage batteries were rejected because of leakage.
- During the Schirra flight, the cooling system in the capsule was "partially blocked by solidified lubricant," making it difficult for the astronaut to adjust his pressure suit to proper temperature.
- Because "technicians generally were not aware of the strict cleanliness required," oxygen and water for the astronauts at times were contaminated.
- On the Cooper flight, the control cords holding the retrorocket package to the capsule failed to fall free as intended because the explosive separating devices "were not loaded with the appropriate charge."
- Also on the Cooper flight, a capsule system designed to remove moisture and perspiration became clogged with metal shavings from a pump shaft.
- In Cooper's backup capsule, inspectors found a total of 720 equipment "discrepancies," 526 of them "directly attributed to a lack of satisfactory quality of workmanship."

THE CAPITAL

Pass the Salt

The social life of Washington is a damask extension of the business day. The season's dinner parties are invariably dimpled with a dizzying variety of ambassadors, Cabinet members, agency heads, socialites, Pentagonians, and sometimes the President himself. And a major problem to the Washington hostess is the proper seating of her guests by the order of their rank. This is called precedence, or among the truly in-group, precedence.

Anyone can ring up the State De-

partment's helpful Protocol Division to find out who is outranking whom lately. But people who are in the know use their bible a bright green, suede-backed copy of Carolyn Hagner Shaw's *Social List of Washington, D.C.* (\$17.50 the copy). Last week the chic in Washington were busily thumbing through the brand-new edition of the "Green Book," scanning its 7,000 names to see who, if anyone, had been moved above or below the salt.*

Up & Down. Sure enough, Precedential Adviser Shaw has recorded some fascinating shifts, additions and subtractions, and they are now *de rigueur*. That is because "Callie" Shaw is the Lady Umpire of the Social Game. She is 59, the daughter of a now-deceased social secretary who first started the Green Book series back in 1930, and she knows her social shallots. Her list, she



CALLIE SHAW

Perhaps some day in pajamas.

says, comprises "important people from the social or civic angle and old blue-bloods—people who make the wheels go around in Washington."

Callie this year advises the uncertain hostess that U.S. Senators can now be moved up three notches, just below the Cabinet. Where to seat the Budget Director? In the old days, presumably because budget balancing was important, he was No. 14 in line; now he has been dropped to No. 24. Where to put the director of the U.S. Arms Control and Disarmament Agency and the administrator of the Agency for International Development? Peace and international cooperation are definitely fashionable. They move 26 steps forward to Nos. 19 and 20. The U.N.'s Secretary-General? He is on the list (No. 21) for the first time. The chairman of the

* The phrase harks back at least to the days when knighthood flowered—and ate exceedingly well. Upon their long dinner tables was placed a big salt cellar called a "saltfoot." Guests who sat above the saltfoot were those whom the host particularly wanted to honor. Below the salt sat folks of lesser quality.

Atomic Energy Commission? In the aftermath of the test ban treaty, he goes back from No. 13 to No. 34.

After You, Alphonse. Unfortunately, the precedence business in Washington sometimes unleashes poor sports. France's Ambassador Herve Alphonse, for example, "used to be a very reasonable man," says a fellow countryman, "but since De Gaulle . . ." It has been said that if Alphonse felt slighted at a dinner, he grabs his chapeau and leaves. Once, at a dinner party given by "Scottie" Lanahan (daughter of F. Scott Fitzgerald), Alphonse discovered that Adlai Stevenson was scheduled to sit at the hostess' right. Alphonse thought he ought to have that place of honor. After all, the French Ambassador outranks the U.S. Ambassador to the U.N. So Mrs. Lanahan hastily juggled the place cards, and *voilà*, poor Adlai finished second again.

The basic problem for Mrs. Shaw is always the question of who belongs on the list and who doesn't. Will divorce spoil one's chances? Not unless the matter has been particularly messy. Similarly, anyone who is touched by scandal—Harry Vaughan or Alger Hiss or T. Lamar Caudle—is washed out. Lobbyist Charles Patrick Clark was jettisoned years ago after he publicly took a poke at Columnist Drew Pearson. Last year two prominent women got into a hair-pulling match at a party, and it took four men to drag them apart. As luck would have it, a Green Book reporter saw the whole thing. Piff!

I Was a Hostess for the FBI? In addition to providing the necessary listings, Callie Shaw also offers helpful hints on social conduct. She sadly deplores "the letting down of the bars of the few formalities we have left," especially at the New Frontier headquarters. She thinks all official White House receptions should be white-tie, shakes her head over the Kennedys' black-tie affairs: "I think they're going to come in pajamas some day." Nor does she like the idea of small tables at a state dinner, or Jack Kennedy's habit of strolling among his guests instead of greeting them in a reception line. "It means a great deal to people in the sticks to read about the pomp and ceremony at the White House," she explains. She is always ready to answer questions from her "patients" and deals out advice with good sense and wry humor. "I always argue violently against currying," she says, "because we don't know how to do it. A big fat dowager is likely to fall on her fanny."

This year Callie Shaw will be doing a brisk business. The Green Book has a printing of 5,000 copies. The White House will take a couple of dozen. So will the Defense Department. And for some mysterious reason, the Federal Bureau of Investigation usually buys a few. New hostesses should note that Callie's name does not appear on her own social list. Big parties? Says she: "I loathe them."

THE HEMISPHERE



THE AMERICAS

Angry Talk & Negative Action

Not since the Bay of Pigs debacle had the U.S. Senate echoed to such harsh words over the Kennedy Administration's policy in Latin America. Last week still another legally constituted Latin American government fell by the wayside, toppled by military revolt. The victim this time was the small Central American republic of Honduras. It was the second such coup in eight days, the fourth this year, the seventh since President Kennedy took office.¹ Throughout, the U.S. has seemed powerless either to prevent the coups or even decide on a consistent approach.

Understandable Exasperation. On the Senate floor, Oregon Democrat Wayne Morse was livid. "We are reaching one of the most serious crises in U.S.-Latin American relations in a quarter of a century," he cried. "We are either going to support constitutional government, or we are going to lose any following that we can hope to obtain by throwing billions of dollars into Latin America." Alaska Democrat Ernest Gruening angrily suggested canceling all military aid (some \$700 million since World War II) to prevent its use as "an instrument for the overthrow of established democracies."

What made the exasperation understandable was the fact that John F. Kennedy, with his \$20 billion Alliance for Progress, had come into office with glowing plans for building stable democracy in Latin America. Yet in the past three years, most U.S. attempts to prop up weak governments have fallen flat. And there are well-founded fears that the worst is not over. All week long, the State Department chewed its nails over military muttering in Colombia, troubled by a weak President and backlands violence; in Venezuela, rocked by increasing Castroite terror-

ism, and in Brazil, where perpetual chaos brought the country to the point of martial law.

In Need of a Policy. In anger and frustration, 22 Senators, 21 of them Democrats, fired off a telegram to the President asking him to make an example of the Dominican military by recalling all U.S. diplomatic, military- and foreign-aid personnel. After a lengthy series of meetings, Secretary of State Dean Rusk recalled all U.S. economic- and military-aid personnel from both the Dominican Republic and Honduras.

But surely the Senators and the Secretary of State knew that such angry shouting and negative steps would not go far toward solving the problems. The U.S. experience in Latin America has plainly shown that giving aid to weak though nominally democratic governments is not necessarily productive, and

mud-hut misery, one-crop economics and machine gun politics.

Choose Your Flag. Elected in 1957 to succeed a military junta, Villeda Morales made a start on agrarian reform, got \$11.6 million in Alliance for Progress aid and used it to launch a modest development plan to educate his 1,950,000 people, build roads and attract new industry. Personally popular and staunchly anti-Communist, he kept Honduras far leftists at arm's length, helped labor clean out Red infiltrators. "I am asking you," he once told a labor rally, "to choose between Communism and democracy, between the blue and white flag of Honduras and the red flag of Russia."

What Villeda Morales could not do was pacify the country's bush-league, 5,000-man armed forces. By a quirk in Honduras' constitution, the army rates as a semiautonomous agency, dependent on the Congress for funds, but taking orders only from itself. Villeda Morales first alarmed the soldiers by creating a new civil guard that eventually became a 2,500-man personal army responsible only to the President. The gripes grew louder and finally reached the flash point over the government party's choice of an almost certain successor in the Oct. 13 elections. He was Modesto Rodas Alvarado, 43, the hardheaded president of Congress who was determined to put the army in its place; he actually campaigned with a promise to curtail the military's power.

Formula As Before. As rumor of the impending coup spread, U.S. Ambassador Charles R. Burrows did his best to talk the brass out of it. Last week the Pentagon even rushed in Major General Theodore F. Bogart, of the U.S. Army Forces Southern Command, for secret talks to be sure everyone got the message. But all threats and pleas were useless. Early one morning last week,



PRESIDENT VILLEDA MORALES
Ten days to go.

that not all military regimes are necessarily the worst possible alternative. The U.S. clearly is still in serious need of a positive and flexible policy to deal with the complex problems of Latin America.

HONDURAS

Another Government Is Missing

With wry bitterness, Hondurans call their small Central American republic "the land of the 70s—70% illiterate, 70% rural, 70% illegitimate." And they might add 70% politically unstable. The military coup that ousted President Ramón Villeda Morales, 54, was the 136th revolution in 142 years of independence from Spain. Only two constitutionally elected chiefs of state have completed their terms.

President Villeda Morales, a pediatrician turned reform politician, almost made it; the coup came only ten days before elections to choose a new President. It undid six years of hard work to change the banana republic's image of



COLONEL LÓPEZ
Six years undone.

¹ El Salvador (January 1961), Argentina (March 1962), Peru (July 1962), Guatemala (March 1963), Ecuador (July 1963), Dominican Republic (September 1963) and Honduras.

four air force fighters swooped low over the tile-roofed capital of Tegucigalpa, as troops cut off access to the presidential palace. Villeda Morales' loyal civil guardsmen put up a vain resistance, and gunfire rattled through the cobblestoned streets. Honduras' President made a last desperate phone call to Ambassador Burrows for U.S. help. But Washington could not act that fast—if indeed it knew what to do. Over the radio came the classic announcement: "The patriotic armed forces" had overthrown the President "to end flagrant violations of the constitution and obvious Communist infiltration."

Taking over as one-man ruler was Colonel Oswaldo López, 42, the armed forces chief who masterminded the revolt. With the sureness of past experience—he had led another coup in 1956—López cut off communication to the countryside, imposed martial law and canceled the Oct. 13 presidential election. Ex-President Villeda Morales and ex-Presidential Candidate Rodas Alvarado were packed aboard an air force C-47 and flown to exile in Costa Rica. The Honduran army then went about mopping up loyalist resistance. At week's end, just as the new regime was being sworn in, fighting broke out again in the streets of Tegucigalpa. A downtown hotel was set afire, and university students took potshots at patrolling soldiers. There was still no end to the bloodshed in the coup that had already cost more than 100 lives.

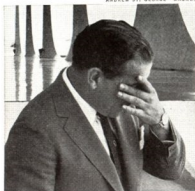
VENEZUELA

Counterattack

For more than a year, Venezuela's Castroite F.A.L.N. has committed almost every misdeed in the book to embarrass President Rómulo Betancourt. It has cold-bloodedly murdered some 50 policemen, staged an endless series of robberies, hijackings, kidnappings and bombings. Through it all, Betancourt kept a tight rein on his temper; he regarded the F.A.L.N. as a civil police matter, an annoyance to be handled by ordinary criminal procedure. But last week, the F.A.L.N. outdid itself: it took on the army, and Betancourt swiftly declared all-out war against Venezuela's Communists.

Death in the Tunnel. The outrage that touched off the government reprisal was a vicious F.A.L.N. raid on an excursion train carrying picnickers to a park 25 miles from Caracas. Hearing rumors that the F.A.L.N. might dynamite the tracks, the army put eight soldiers from its elite National Guard aboard the train. But there was no dynamite; simple killing was the F.A.L.N.'s object. With the December elections so near, it is going to any lengths to undermine Betancourt's government. As the ten-car train approached a tunnel, some 30 young terrorists aboard drew guns and went about their bloody business.

Within ten minutes, five guardsmen were fatally wounded. "We had no



GOULART

Like selling roses in an opium den.

chance of fighting back," said one of the survivors. "They shot at us at point-blank range, without mercy." The raiders tossed their five victims off the moving train, stopped it long enough to daub F.A.L.N. slogans on the coaches, then backtracked a single coach to a rendezvous point. From there, they escaped in waiting cars.

Rumbles in the Barracks. In Venezuela, shooting up the Caracas police force is one thing, but killing soldiers is quite another. For almost five years, Venezuela's powerful armed forces have gone along with Betancourt's democratic leadership. But in recent months, there have been angry mutterings over Betancourt's apparent inability to end the F.A.L.N.'s campaign of terror. Now, with the army under direct attack and with military coups exploding around the Caribbean, Betancourt decided to crack down on the Reds once and for all. He suspended the constitutional immunity of 23 Communist and Castroite Congressmen suspected of being the brains behind the F.A.L.N., ordered their arrest and the roundup of other Red leaders in Venezuela. Convoys of battle-ready infantrymen and paratroopers poured into Caracas to reinforce the police. At week's end six of the 23 Congressmen had been arrested and turned over to the military for trial; another 200 far leftist leaders were rounded up.

BRAZIL

State of Chaos

Under Brazil's constitution, the President can petition Congress to declare a state of siege in the event of "grave internal disturbances or when there is evidence that disturbances are about to erupt." The words precisely described the chaotic state of affairs in Latin America's biggest nation last week, and President João Goulart made it official. Unable to cope with any of the major crises—and few of the small ones—he asked the Brazilian Congress to proclaim a 30-day state of siege.

The problems were not new. They were just getting worse. Sucked up by a fierce inflationary spiral, the country's cost of living soared 45% between Jan-



TROOPS & STRIKING BANK WORKERS

uary and August, while the value of the cruzeiro tumbled 14%. At one point last week, 30 major walkouts were under way or immediately threatened—a streetcar strike in Rio, a railroad strike in São Paulo, a bank strike throughout the country.

Goulart is under attack from every side. The labor unions, which brought him to political power, denounce him for resisting impossible wage boosts. Last month loyal army troops put down a flash rebellion of air force and navy noncoms. On the right, the two most powerful state governors, Guanabara's Carlos Lacerda and São Paulo's Ademar de Barros, talk about taking matters in their own hands—and point ominously to some 70,000 state troops at their command. Last week Lacerda told a reporter for the Los Angeles Times that he expected total collapse before long. "I don't think this thing will go to the end of the year," he said, and warned that further U.S. aid "would be like trying to sell roses in an opium den."

Coming at a time when a Brazilian mission was in Washington seeking a crucial credit extension, Lacerda's statement was the final straw so far as Goulart was concerned. His Justice Minister declared the two state governors "in a true state of belligerence with the federal government," and the President went to Congress. If the Congressmen declare a state of siege, Goulart will assume power to censor the press, ban political meetings, search homes and make arrests without warrants, restrict travel, banish anyone to "any healthful populated area" in Brazil, and seize all state militias.

To many Brazilians that spells dictatorship. Almost everyone seemed against Goulart's demand for extraordinary powers—the right, the left, the press, state governors and a large section of Congress. Only Goulart and some powerful members of the military were emphatically for it. Said Air Minister Anísio Botelho cryptically: "Either we fall or we stand."

THE WORLD

GREAT BRITAIN

The Road to Jerusalem

[See Cover]

The air was atingle in Scarborough last week as 2,000 delegates poured joyously into the wind-swept seaside resort for the Labor Party's 62nd annual conference. It wasn't just salt they sniffed on the North Sea breeze. From the elegant old cliff-top hotels to the pubs where Laborites adjourned for their midmorning pints, Scarborough smelled of victory.

For the first time in their twelve years out of office, the Laborites who

deserve. We have no accumulated reserves on which to live."

Science & Socialism. For nearly an hour, in a mixture of rolling Old Testament exhortation and terse New Frontiers, the greying, round-faced Yorkshireman described a Britain restored to greatness "not by military strength alone" but by mobilizing "all the resources of democratic planning, all the latent and underdeveloped energies and skills of our people." The key, said Wilson, is science. He explained: "The strength, solvency and influence of Britain—which some still think depend on nostalgic illusions or upon nuclear

three-billionth of a second. To gasps from the audience, Wilson turned on the trade union leaders who have tried to prevent automation: "We have no room for Luddites in the Labor Party."² The answer, he declared, is not to thwart technological progress but to keep pace with it by providing 10 million new jobs in the next decade. Said he: "These facts put the whole argument about industry and socialism in new perspective."

When Wilson's flat, nasal voice reached the end of his speech, the wildly cheering delegates gave him a standing ovation that lasted nearly two minutes. It was the most successful oration that Wilson had ever made, and one of the most important for the future of the Labor Party.

Up with Growth Stocks. British socialism is more Methodist than Marxist. Its leaders have always had fervent faith that in freedom and social justice Englishmen can build the New Jerusalem of William Blake's vision. It was Britain's hunger for a better-ordered world that swept a Labor government to power in 1945. In the wilderness since 1951, Labor has fought ceaselessly to shape the coherent contemporary philosophy that might earn its passage back to power. It did not succeed because its leaders always came up with dreary, dogmatic formulas that were remote from the everyday lives and problems of the people.

The Labor Party no longer draws its support from cloth-capped workers clamoring to be delivered from the "thralldom of wagedom," as they called it. Its present and potential appeal is to middle- and working-class Britons who are skeptical of socialist dogma and hostile to any radical social experiments that might threaten their living standards. What they desperately want is more and better education, housing, hospitals and highways, and they fault the Conservative government for not meeting or even fully grasping their need. As a result, Britain's mood today, said former Labor Prime Minister Clement Attlee, is once more "the spirit of 1945."

Nationalization as a cure-all for Britain's ills is out. What Wilson has in mind is far more selective and would extend state ownership to greener pastures. Pastures, in fact, may well be taken over by the government as part of its program to ease the housing shortage; Labor intends to buy idle building land, at market prices, for new state-owned housing projects. But its biggest prize would be the new products and whole new industries that science and

² Named for Ned Ludd, a Leicestershire half-wit, whose famed attacks on machines at the turn of the 19th century helped to inspire roving bands of wreckers who blamed mechanized weaving for widespread unemployment.



LABORITES AT SCARBOROUGH
By the seaside, a sniff of things to come.

filled Scarborough's three-tiered Spa Great Hall were buoyantly aware that all Britain was watching them—and the man who is expected by the majority (56%) of Britons to be their next Prime Minister. The delegates fidgeted impatiently through the first day of ho-hum oratory. Finally, at the stroke of 10 o'clock next morning, Harold Wilson rose to make the keynote speech as the new leader of the Labor Party. For a solid minute, the delegates roared and clapped their approval, while Wilson gazed vacantly over their heads, as if groping for words. His first sentence jabbed to the heart of Britain's troubled mood. Said he:

"There's no more dangerous illusion than the comfortable doctrine that the world owes us a living, that whatever we do, whenever we run into trouble, we can always rely on a special relationship to bail us out. From now on, Britain will have just as much influence in the world as we can earn and can

posturings—are going to depend for the remainder of this century on the speed with which we come to terms with the world of change."

A marriage of science and socialism, in Wilson's vision, will ensure accelerated technological progress that can make Britain "the pilot plant of the world." A socialist government will radically step up the training of more scientists, ensure that they are creatively employed, and staunch the "brain drain" to the U.S. by offering them the prestige and prospects for which many of the country's ablest men now cross the Atlantic. With heavy state support for their work and more "purposive use of research," he prophesied, British scientists will yield new products, new laboratories, new industries, new sources of world trade.

Already in the U.S., automated tool lines can produce an entire automobile without a single worker, and control computers can make decisions in one

socialism are to create. The state would also control the cadres of scientists and reserves of knowledge that his government would call forth. Wilson says he is content to let established industries "wither away" in private hands. "All he wants," remarked one observer, "is the growth stocks."

Wilson's program for the party made him a hero among Laborites and commanded respectful attention throughout Britain. "I was afraid it wouldn't go over," he confessed afterward, "I am very pleased with its reception."

Out of the Wilderness. The delegates were even more relieved by Wilson's performance. Over the years, Harold Wilson, 47, has earned the reputation of a vain, slippery opportunist. Less than a year ago, one longtime colleague said: "I have never known such a brilliant or such an unloved man." After Hugh Gaitskell's death last January, Gaitskellites prayed that the party leadership would not go to "Little Harold," as they then called him. Most of the leading Laborites who are now in Wilson's "Shadow" Cabinet found it hard to vote for him in the party election last February. "Can you trust him?" they asked. "Gaitskell didn't." He won anyway. And under Wilson's firm control, the Labor Party is more confident of victory and more solidly united than at any other time during its twelve years in the wilderness. Wilson himself is the first Opposition leader in British history to win general acceptance as the nation's next Prime Minister even before the general election.

The British may be underestimating their other Harold, Prime Minister Macmillan, who is every bit as wily as Wilson—and in office. If Macmillan holds off the election until next June, Tories say wistfully, Wilson's luster may have dimmed and their own limp fortunes revived. But even allowing for Labor's proved capacity for plucking defeat from the jaws of victory, most Conservatives last week agreed that



DEPUTY LEADER BROWN & WILSON
And a man with aces up his sleeve.

their prospects have seldom been gloomier.

Brilliant Maneuvers. Harold Wilson's triumph went deep into the complex machinery of the Labor Party, and it was complete. Only a month earlier, Britain's Big Six unions indignantly rejected Wilson's plea for the "wage restraint," that he considers essential to successful economic expansion. But on the conference floor last week, bull-headed Ted Hill, the Boilermakers' union leader who headed the resistance, meekly announced that, in view of Wilson's plans to boost national production, the unions had decided to cooperate after all.

The most dramatic moment in the entire conference came in the midst of a speech by Deputy Leader George Brown, one of Wilson's most outspoken foes. Since his defeat for the leadership eight months ago, Brown and his sizable following had remained the last threat to Wilson's dominance. Turning abruptly to Wilson in mid-speech, he blurted: "As one who was not exactly happy about the outcome, I want to say now I am happy . . ." The rest of the sentence was drowned in a mighty roar of applause that only subsided a minute later when Wilson stood up and raised Brown's left arm in the champion's salute. Later, standing glowing in the wings, Wilson exclaimed: "That was the act of a big man."

Since taking over the leadership, Wilson has worked deftly to defuse the old "theological" battles over Socialist dogma that have exploded at every previous conference for a decade. While scrupulously obeying his pledge to base his policies on Gaitskell's program, Wilson has maneuvered brilliantly to regroup the Labor Party on its responsible middle ground. Though he was elected with support from the neutralist, unilateralist left, he soon made it clear that he does not share its views and has isolated the extremists from the rest of the party. By giving right-wingers most of the choice jobs in his Shadow Cabinet, he won the grudging allegiance of the loyal Gaitskellites, who have yet to

forgive Wilson completely for trying to depose their leader in 1960.

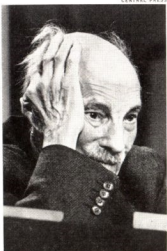
The Old-Boy Network. Even before the leadership election last February, Wilson confided to Laborite Richard H.S. Crossman that "Labor should be the party of science." He explained: "If I get the job, I believe the party will be able to liberate the frustrated energies of thousands of young scientists, technologists and specialists who feel there is no room at the top for them under the present antiscientific Old-Boy network in industry and Whitehall."

Most scientists voted Labor in 1945, but switched in 1959. "To win them back," said Wilson, "we have to make them feel we take them seriously."

In recent months, Wilson and Crossman have discussed his program with scores of scientists and educators in Britain, the U.S. and Russia (but not, apparently, with Novelist-Scientist C. P. Snow, who has graphically documented the follies of government-directed research in wartime). Finally, the night before his speech last week, Wilson retired at 11 o'clock to his \$32-a-day hotel suite, spent seven hours dictating and editing, rose at 6 a.m., and was still working on it when he stood to deliver the speech at the morning session.

Guaranteed Bonhomie. Wilson's blueprint for scientific socialism, as he expounded it to the Labor Conference, accords with the Gaitskell philosophy—but, with a significant difference: if it had come from donnish Hugh Gaitskell, it would probably have been ripped to shreds. Says Gaitskellite Denis Healey: "The intellectual way Gaitskell advanced his ideas forced many to oppose them. When Wilson says the same thing, he does it in such a way that others do not feel compelled to disagree."

Laborites, even Wilson's potential foes, found some goodies to applaud in his program. He mollified the far left by urging greater trade with Russia and an East-West détente that would allow Britain to funnel defense spending into research. Old-fashioned chauvinists applauded his rosy vision of a Britain made great again, and Little Englanders



LORD ATTLEE
Once more, the mood of 1945.

cheered his declaration of independence from the U.S.

As a final guarantee of bonhomie throughout the conference, party officials dusted off an obscure by-law that permits them to prohibit debate on subjects that have been "fully and adequately explored" within the previous three years. Astonishingly, they used the rule to cut off any discussion of the thorny problems of defense and foreign policy.

Thus, on Wilson's assurance that "there wasn't really anything more to be said," the party that hopes to govern Britain quashed discussion of such internationally momentous issues as its proposal for gradual disengagement in Central Europe, Britain's future relations with the Common Market, Wilson's avowed intent to "denegotiate" the Nassau Agreement giving it U.S. Polaris submarine secrets, and other pressing questions that might lead to vote-losing

ready taken office. Cracks an acquaintance: "Harold's having his honeymoon before the marriage."

The courtship started 39 years ago, when eight-year-old Harold Wilson was photographed in a proprietorial pose outside 10 Downing Street; at 16, he announced his intention of some day living there. If he makes it inside next year, he will be the youngest Prime Minister since Lord Rosebery who held office from 1894-1895, and only the third to come from Labor's ranks (the others: Ramsay MacDonald, Clement Attlee) in the party's 63 years. Wilson's proudest boast, however, will be that he is the first "classless" Prime Minister in Britain's history. A North Country chemist's son, he went to grammar school and Oxford on scholarships, and resembles thousands of other lowlier Britons who have taken the same escape route out of the suffocating class structure. "Those of us who had educational

On the Christine Keeler cult: "The worship of the golden calf."⁹ On rumors that the Tories were trying to force Macmillan to retire before the election: "If they succeed, they plan a massive campaign of destalinization and demacmillanization that will make the achievement of Nikita Khrushchev look like the efforts of a well-intentioned amateur."

One of Wilson's most valuable assets is a fantastic photographic memory that reaches back for years. "Ah, yes," he will exclaim, "I remember making that point in the House on June 17, 1963. You'll find it in *Hansard*, page 51." On the other hand, he confesses, he can "never remember a face."

Wilson solicits his colleagues' views, delegates responsibilities more freely than Gaitskell, and is sparing of reprimands. "For every mistake," he says philosophically, "we'll pull off two or three victories. If only we keep bashing, bashing, bashing away, the government will feel the effect."

Critics & Colleagues. Most of the key posts in a Wilson government would be held by talented, fiercely local Laborites who came to the fore under Gaitskell and now hold posts in Wilson's Shadow Cabinet while waiting to take office.

► Deputy Leader Brown, 49, is Home Secretary in the Shadow Cabinet. A truck driver's son, he is an influential, impetuous, passionately anti-Communist union leader, for five years was the party's able defense expert.

► Defense Expert Denis Healey, 46, a Yorkshireman, is an outspoken champion of the U.S. who argues that Britain's nuclear deterrent is a "fatal error" because its cost has forced the government to "rat" on its NATO ground force commitments.

► Shadow Foreign Secretary Patrick Gordon Walker, 56, is a writer and former Oxford history don who, apart from Wilson, is the only top Laborite to have held a Cabinet post (Commonwealth Relations Secretary) in the Attlee government. Labor's foreign policy favors seating Red China in the U.N. and making Nationalist China a U.N. trusteeship—a solution that is not acceptable to Peking or Formosa or Washington.

► Board of Trade President will be Douglas Jay, 56, another Gaitskellite, who believes that the party should de-emphasize its socialism. With the sustained economic growth envisaged by Labor, he argues, business will benefit from higher levels of savings, profits and wages.

► Shadow Chancellor of the Exchequer James Callaghan, 51, is a wartime Roy-



WILSON & CROSSMAN
Without illusions or posturing.

disputation. Delegates could not even question Wilson's aim to substitute "natural" ties with the U.S. for the cherished "special relationship" based on nuclear sharing. Save for a few scattered catcalls, Laborites accepted the ban without question. Asked if Gaitskell would have resorted to such tactics, Wilson replied: "No—but he would have lost the election."

Youngest Prime Minister? "The Labor Party," Wilson likes to explain, "is like a vehicle. If you drive at great speed, all the people in it are either so exhilarated or so sick that they have no problems. But when you stop, they all get out and start to argue about which way to go."

In his nine months at the wheel, Wilson has driven himself at breakneck speed and plainly relishes his role. He has had conferences with many European socialist leaders, and on visits to Moscow and Washington to discuss his policies has been flattered by his hosts' respectful assumption that he has al-

advantages," he says slyly in a homespun Yorkshire burr, "should not look down on Mr. Macmillan and others who had no choice but to go to Eton."

Wilson's lifelong hero has been William Ewart Gladstone, the great Victorian Liberal who awakened Britain's conscience to the miseries of the new industrial working class. Wilson shares Gladstone's erudition and eloquence, and at times betrays the moral certitude that prompted a Victorian wag's complaint about Gladstone: "I don't mind his having all the aces up his sleeve, but I do object to his acting as if God put them there."

Bash, Bosh, Bosh. Wilson's Olympian ire and searing tongue have made him the most feared Labor orator in Parliament since Nye Bevan. Wilson has described the Tory government as "that effete Venetian oligarchy," likened Macmillan's relations with Kennedy to those of "a seedy uncle at the receiving end of some well-chosen homilies from his wealthy, forward-looking nephew."

⁹ Christine bobbed back last week at a magistrate's pre-trial hearing of perjury and conspiracy charges against her in the "Lucky" Gordon case. Gordon, one of her West Indian lovers, was sentenced to three years in jail (and later released) on Christine's testimony that he had beaten her. After three days and three different versions of the beating, the hearing was adjourned for three weeks.



CHRISTINE KEELER

Some goodies for everyone.

al Navy lieutenant who has proved a tough-minded administrator and was credited with persuading the big unions to go along with Wilson's wage restraint policy.

Wilson's two most influential and eminent economic advisers would have no official role in his government. Nicholas Kaldor, 55, and Thomas Balogh, 57, are both Hungarian-born and are known as "those evil Hungarians," nicknamed respectively "Buda" and "Pest." Balogh, a mercurial left-wing Oxford economist, near neighbor of Wilson in suburban Hampstead, has long been the dominant influence in his economic thinking. As a *quid pro quo* for restrictions on wage raises, Buda and Pest have convinced Wilson that he needs control over corporate profits and dividends and a tax on capital. Officially, Labor intends only to nationalize the trucking industry and the private sector of steel, but Wilson reserves the right to set up competitive, state-owned plants in industries that are conspicuously inefficient.

Wilson's closest adviser is R.H.S. Crossman, 55, a lively left-wing will-o'-the-wisp who was a don at Oxford's New College when Wilson was an undergraduate there. Wilson, who meets all his other associates at his House of Commons office, often discusses policies late into the night at Crossman's house in shabby Vincent Square. Dick Crossman drew up Gaitskell's social security program; and in the Wilson government he would head a newly created Ministry of Higher Education. It might better be called the Ministry for Expanding Education. Aware of the explosive demand for universities (see EDUCATION), Labor is committed to accommodate 200,000 students in universities by 1970.

Plain & High. Always a lonely man, Wilson is even more isolated as leader of the party. He sees few of his old left-

wing supporters outside working hours, even declines colleagues' dinner invitations on the grounds that it would be unfair to listen for hours to one man's views and still enforce his 15-minute cutoff on office interviews with other associates. Men who have worked with him for decades and live in his Hampstead neighborhood have never stepped inside the modest, cluttered house at 12 Southway, where he lives with his wife Mary, a Congregationalist minister's daughter, and their two sons, Robin, 19, and Giles, 15. Says one acquaintance: "I don't think anybody really knows Harold. He hasn't got any friends, as you and I mean the word."

Wilson almost never attends a play or a concert, confesses to feeling "guilty" if he wastes even a few weekend hours on a novel. Sighs an old acquaintance: "He's dull and devious—God, how devious—diligent and deliberate. He hasn't got a principle in his head, except that to him the Labor Party is the ark and its policy Holy Writ."

Wilson's austere social life has proved a bitter disappointment to Fleet Street, which found party-loving Hugh Gaitskell's capers a fertile source of copy. "I prefer beer to champagne and tinned salmon to smoked," insists Wilson. "I am on the side of plain living and high thinking." Actually, Wilson likes steak and wine as well as the next man, but he tucks into packaged custard, stewed rhubarb and canned meat with schoolboyish gusto.

Long-Distance Runner. Wilson's grey, cold, hard traits are a legacy from a long line of North Countrymen whose radical beliefs were shaped in grim Baptist churches, where the rich and the godless were smitten in their pride. Even today, it is said Wilson's favorite hymn is the oldtime *God Gave the Land to the People*. Reared in Yorkshire's dark, satanic Colne Valley, which has never yet sent a Tory to Westminster, he recalls that "half the children in my class went barefoot." As a child, he became aware of social and economic issues during the Depression, when his father was laid off for months at a time. Young Wilson developed a lifelong love of boy-scouting, sees its emphasis on brotherhood as another formative political influence. (Unlike Deputy Leader Brown, however, Wilson does not address acquaintances as "Brother.")

He was head boy at his grammar school and won a scholarship to Oxford, a passionately political environment in the '30s. Wilson, for once, ignored politics to concentrate on his books, with occasional time out for long-distance running. He won a brilliant degree in philosophy, politics and economics, captured the coveted Gladstone Memorial Prize with a tome entitled *State and Railways in Great Britain, 1823-1863*, which is still relevant to Britain's rail problems 100 years later. In 1937 Wilson became an economics don at the unusually young age of 21. Another young don at Wilson's

college remembers him as "a fox terrier—full of energy, brilliant, and every now and then he'd give a sharp bark." Wilson worked as a research assistant for the late Lord ("womb-to-tomb") Beveridge, the architect of the welfare state and a notorious slave driver, who credited Wilson with being the "best economist I ever had."

Moscow Trader. In World War II, Wilson shifted from don's gown to the sober suit of a civil servant, and at 27 became chief economist for the Ministry of Fuel & Power. Elected to Parliament from a Lancashire farming constituency at war's end, he rose swiftly in the Attlee government, at 31 became the youngest Cabinet Minister in 95 years. At the Board of Trade, he grew a mustache to look older, habitually worked 16 hours a day, and made his first trip to Moscow to negotiate an Anglo-Soviet trade pact. After some flinty bargaining with Wilson, Anastas Mikoyan exclaimed: "Ah, you see, it takes a Yorkshireman to deal with an Armenian!" Wilson, who now brags that he was "negotiating with the Russians before Macmillan was even in the Cabinet," still speaks glowingly of "the millions of pounds" to be made from exporting to Russia.

In 1951 Wilson resigned from the Cabinet to protest Britain's increased defense spending for the Korean war. Health Minister Aneurin Bevan quit at the same time, objecting to charges for health services. Nye Bevan, who respected his economic expertise, once told Wilson that he was "all facts and no bloody vision." If any Laborites still held to that view last week, Wilson finally disproved it.

Indeed, Labor's domestic program "to move Britain 25 years in the next



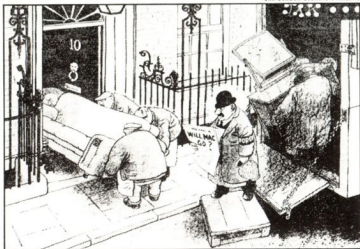
MACMILLAN

Some inspiration needed.

five, industrially, educationally, socially" seemed on the whole as fresh and appealing to the public as it was clearly disconcerting to the Tories. Last week's Gallup poll, taken before the Labor Party conference, narrowed Labor's lead over the Tories from 13.5% to 11%, and a decrease in the Don't-Knows column suggested that wavering Conservative voters were returning to the fold. Nonetheless, if Labor's plurality holds up at the polls, Labor could have a margin of more than 200 seats in Parliament. The Liberals, who plan to run 400 candidates in the election, may prove an additional threat to the government, since they usually capture two Tory votes to every Labor ballot.

The Tories, who gathered for their annual conference at Blackpool this week, were begging party officials "to get them inspired." There was no doubt about the Labor delegates' mood as they bellowed *The Red Flag* ("Come dungeon dark or gallows grim/ This song shall be our parting hymn") and hit the road to Jerusalem. The wind of change from Scarborough was infectious. "Me vote Tory?" exclaimed one Soho pub pundit. "That would be like Noah picking the flood."

True, Harold Wilson is still something of an enigma to the public. On the other hand, Britons may find Wilson's grey manner and grim reputation a welcome change after the government's all-too Old-Boy handling of the Profumo affair. "Wilson doesn't seem very nice," mused one Londoner last week. "Good. That's what we need now. A round little P.M. with a pipe—and a dash of nastiness."



"I HOPE HE DOES STAY—WE'LL NEVER GET THAT GRAND PIANO BACK DOWN THOSE STAIRS . . ."

Back Home at No. 10

Ending a three-year absence from their official residence, Prime Minister Macmillan and Lady Dorothy moved back into No. 10 Downing Street last week. But if their new tenure was uncertain, there was no mistaking the uproar over the remodeling project—one of the bureaucratic epics of modern British history.

Home for British Prime Ministers since 1735, No. 10 Downing has never been anyone's dream house. Jerry-built half a century earlier as a private residence by a Harvard-educated speculator, Sir George Downing, the Whitehall relic, four stories high, so depressed Melbourne that he refused to set foot in it. Haughty Margot Asquith called it "squalid." Lloyd George's wife would not move in until adequate plumbing was installed. During the blitz, Churchill complained that it was "shaky." One ancient boiler heated both Nos. 10 and 11, residence of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, leading then-Chancellor Rab Butler to complain that when Churchill set the thermostat in the 70s or 80s, he, Butler, was being "fried alive."

In 1958 a parliamentary committee announced that the "full horror" of No. 10 Downing Street had become apparent, warned that the place was so dilapidated that the Macmillans were in imminent danger of crashing through the floor into the old air-raid shelter below. Hurriedly, the occupants moved around the corner to Admiralty House, and a top-to-bottom interior overhaul began on Nos. 10, 11 and 12 (the latter is home for the P.M.'s Party Whip). The initial timetable was two years; the initial cost estimate: \$1,100,000.

As workmen peered closer, the horror got worse. Most rooms, it turned out, had to have new ceilings. Ornate 18th century cornices needed tedious repair and cleaning—with 40 coats of paint removed from some. Behind the paneling a two-inch-wide crack was found spreading through the brickwork.

The project turned into a political target for labor leaders, was hit by 14 strikes. Because of haste in starting, the government did not even bother to take overall bids, proceeded on a piecemeal, cost-plus basis.

About the only economies encountered were in furnishings, thanks to Harold and Dorothy Macmillan, hardly the types to let their imaginations run riot. They ordered everything "very plain and simple," vetoed damask and brocade for the walls, had the bedroom done in chintz. Last week, with the renovation finally finished more than a year behind schedule, the total bill stood at an astronomical \$8,500,000.

And judging from the comment, few taxpayers were satisfied. The floors still slant, and the walls still lean as much as ten inches, but Architect Raymond Erith confidently assured everyone: "We've hooked it up good and proper and it won't fall down."

DENMARK

Poule Haul

A diplomat may be only a cookie pusher, but the kind of cookies pushed by Indonesia's chargé d'affaires in Copenhagen tumbled, not crumbled. Last week Danish police announced that Gustin Santawirja not only ran his country's embassy, until he returned home last August, but was also a procurer on the side.

Santawirja got into the tart trade in 1961 when Indonesia's President Sukarno showed up in Copenhagen on an unofficial visit. Amiable, he rounded up some girls for the visiting entourage. So successful was the venture that he decided to supplement his entertainment allowance by running a fulltime *poule* hall. He teamed up with a Danish national, assembled a stable of 20 women, took a 20% commission from their \$50- to \$100-a-night earnings. When police sought to question him, he simply claimed diplomatic immunity.

But last August the Danish Foreign



LITTLE HAROLD (8)
Perhaps the big.

Taste the delicious difference -only in new Montclair!


Only Montclair puts the menthol in the filter*...where it cannot burn.

Only Montclair filters in freshness, filters in flavor the whole smoke through.

Only Montclair makes the last puff taste as fresh as the first puff.

Taste and compare—you'll smoke **Montclair! Only Montclair.**

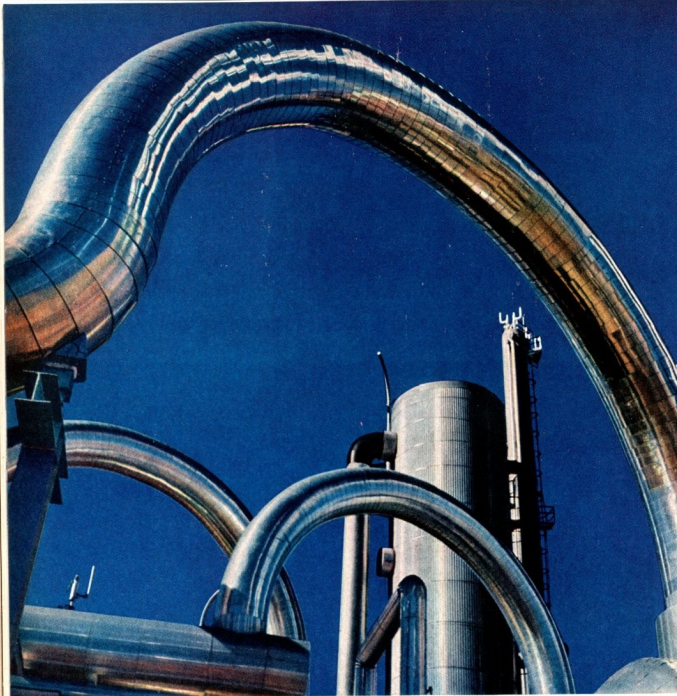
*Patent applied for

An artistic illustration for a Montclair cigarette advertisement. On the left is a pack of Montclair cigarettes, featuring a blue design with a gold centaur logo and the text 'Montclair MODERN CIGARETTES Menthol Filter'. Several cigarettes are shown emerging from the top. To the right of the pack, a speech bubble contains the text 'The menthol's in the filter-not in the tobacco!'. The background is a dark, textured blue with a large, bright yellow circle. On the right side, a man and a woman are depicted in a close embrace. The man is holding a lit cigarette, and a wisp of smoke rises from it. The woman has blonde hair and is looking towards the viewer. The overall style is reminiscent of mid-20th-century graphic design.

The menthol's
in the filter-
not in the
tobacco!

Montclair
MODERN CIGARETTES
Menthol Filter

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Product of The American Tobacco Company "Relax" is our middle name" © A.T. Co.



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Union Texas Petroleum is Allied Chemical's newest division — and the starting point for many promising new materials. New plastics, new fibers, new films begin with the chemical "building blocks" furnished by Union Texas Petroleum. This division furnishes high-quality liquefied petroleum gas—butane and propane—as domestic and commercial fuel for many states in the

nation. It also produces natural gas, condensate and crude oil, which act as a rich source for the creation of scores of chemicals that help you in your business and in your home. Such help, in fact, is part and parcel of Allied Chemical, which produces hundreds of materials designed to aid American consumers and the industries that serve them. Perhaps one

of these products may help your business. Whatever your line of business may be, we welcome your inquiry. Just write: Allied Chemical Corp., 61 B'way, New York 6, N. Y.



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Office finally got wind of Santawirja's extracurricular employment, and the Indonesian diplomat skipped out of the country and returned home. Last week a new Indonesian ambassador officially apologized to the Danish government for the charge's free enterprise.

SOUTH VIET NAM

Flames & Music

A shock wave of horror raced through Saigon last week. In a small park inside Saigon's main traffic circle, a young Buddhist priest at noon squatted cross-legged in the traditional lotus position, pulled a plastic container of gasoline out of his cloth bag and soaked his lap. Then he struck a match to his brown robes. Flames burst over him. Grimacing but uttering no sound, the monk shriveled into a charred skeleton. After three minutes, his arms stiffened before him, and he pitched over. It was the sixth suicide by fire in the Buddhist struggle against President Ngo Dinh Diem.

From the curious crowd which had gathered, a low moan arose. A little girl whimpered in her mother's arms; a woman laughed hysterically; tears streamed down the cheeks of old women. A traffic cop grabbed a straw hat off one woman's head, tried to put out the fire by waving it over the flames, succeeded only in making them blaze higher. Three U.S. newsmen at the scene were brutally clubbed, kicked and beaten to the ground by plainclothesmen who tried to seize a newsreel camera (see PRESS).

The afternoon of the immolation, presumably to soothe the populace, government loudspeakers newly installed in trees near the traffic circle began

blaring music. There were Vietnamese songs, French songs, Viennese waltzes and—either by accident or contemptuous design—that old Tin Pan Alley favorite, *Smoke Gets in Your Eyes*.

At Dalat, 140 miles northeast of Saigon, the government faced a Buddhist problem of a different nature: what to do about an aged nun who, by reputation at least, has been flitting about the countryside working miracles. Known simply as "the Saint," she first appeared, according to rumor, on a mountain-top and began turning water from a dirty stream into miraculously clean holy water. A father reported that she cured his daughter's acne; two little boys who were mutes were taken to her, have since started uttering sounds. As word of her feats spread, Buddhist faithful by the thousands began jamming the narrow, rain-soaked paths leading to the mountain-top. Taking no chances that the pilgrims might turn into antigovernment demonstrators, authorities called out troops, banned the processions on grounds that the trails were too dangerous. "The Saint" has since disappeared—but she has assertedly promised to reappear on six other mountain-tops.

Hairy Caterpillars

En route to the U.S., where TV pundits were already vying for guest interviews, photogenic Mme. Ngo Dinh Nhu stopped over in Paris and more than lived up to her newspaper billing as "the Liz Taylor of politics." Chic and seductive, South Viet Nam's first lady did a bit of shopping, had her hair done at Carita ("I hope my husband doesn't notice I had my hair cut—he hates that"), and claimed that at heart she was just a little homebody. "I am always preoccupied as a political animal," she complained. "I like home life very much, and I cook very well."

But at a press conference, Mme. Nhu reverted to type and told reporters that the whole purpose of her trip was to clear up some of the "calumny" aimed at her homeland. She denied that her husband was head of the secret police, said that he has always helped the government without any compensation. Not only were her government's difficulties with the Buddhists created by the Communists, she said, but the first Buddhist monk who had burned himself alive had been drugged and the second clubbed into submission by fellow priests. Mme. Nhu also claimed that she had been misquoted when she allegedly called youthful U.S. military advisers in South Viet Nam "soldiers of fortune, adventurers, and saboteurs." What she had really said, she maintained, was that a country like the U.S., "with over 100 million inhabitants, had among its lower officials some adventurers who did not hesitate to betray the official policy of their government."

Asked about her troubles with the U.S. press, Mme. Nhu said that "my trip is a sincere effort to determine if



MME. NHU
Only a homebody.

freedom of expression is a reality in America." While demonstrators outside tossed eggs at her car, one reporter asked if she was frightened going out in Paris. Milady's unflinching reply: "No. The only thing in the world I am afraid of is long hairy caterpillars."

MIDDLE EAST

Quick Change

"The enemy of my enemy is my friend," says an Arab proverb, and in the shifting sands of Middle Eastern politics, friends and enemies switch sides with dizzying speed. Latest quick-change act: Egypt's Gamal Abdel Nasser and Jordan's King Hussein are now billing themselves as friends.

Temporarily forgotten are the days, only two years ago, when Radio Cairo vilified Hussein as a "traitor by inheritance—the son, grandson and great-grandson of traitors." Overlooked for the moment is the bloody Nasserite rioting in Amman last April, which Hussein put down with guns and armored cars. Instead, the bitter feud has suddenly dissolved in a sweet embrace. The common foe is now the revolutionary Baath regimes in Syria and Iraq, which have smashed Nasser's hopes for hegemony in the Middle East, and are stirring up a revolution in Jordan.

Young King Hussein took the first step toward reconciliation with his old enemy. Stopping off in Paris during a tour of Europe last month, the King ordered his military aide to find Nasser's personal spokesman and friend, Mohammed Hassanein Heikal, who was also expected in town on a visit. One hour later Heikal was in Hussein's third-



MONK IN RITUAL SUICIDE
Another wave of horror.

floor suite at the Hotel Crillon, sipping tea and enjoying a friendly cigarette. Passing casually over their past struggles, Hussein asked: "Is there any way to close ranks against our enemies?" Then he answered the question himself by suggesting an alliance between Egypt and Jordan to oppose the Baath. Heikal agreed, suggested for a starter that Hussein bring a few Nasserites into his Cabinet. Maybe, said the King.

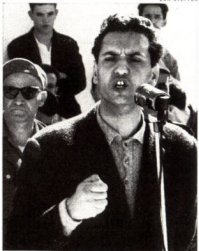
After 2½ hours the secret meeting broke up with smiles and handshakes all around. Next step in the *rapprochement*: the resumption of diplomatic relations, severed since 1961 when Hussein backed Syria's split with Cairo and offered to send Jordanian troops to fight the Egyptians.

ALGERIA

The First Revolt

"The revolution must go on!" cried Strongman Ahmed Ben Bella. Countered Colonel Mohand Ou el Hadj: "The time has come to give the right of speech to all revolutionaries." Thus the first revolt broke out last week against Ben Bella's year-old regime. To be sure, the motives included provincial pride, poverty and political ambition. But the root cause was Ben Bella's

DON STEFFEN



OU EL HADJ (WITH CAP) & AIT AHMED
"Guerrillas do not dig in."

drive toward absolute power at the expense of his onetime, rebel comrades in Algeria's struggle for independence.

Stronghold of the revolt was fabled Kabylia, a sweep of razor-spined mountains and deep gorges east of Algiers (see map). Populated by 1,000,000 fiercely independent Berbers who call themselves *imazighen* (free men), Kabylia was overrun by successive invasions of Arabs, Romans, Vandals, Spaniards, Turks, and finally the French—but it has never been totally subdued. No Algerians fought more heroically in the 1954-62 guerrilla war against France; yet the Kabyles charge that Arab Ben Bella has done little for their devastated region. Indeed, grass

is growing up around the cornerstones of many a promised textile mill.

Jeweler in the Rough. Kabylia discontent was tailor-made for a disenfranchised native son, Hocine Ait Ahmed, who shared a French prison with Ben Bella but is now among the several revolutionary "chiefs" who have been elbowed aside by the strongman. A dreamy Marxist, Ait Ahmed, 37, opposed Ben Bella's outlawing the Communist Party last year. Then last June, on the floor of the National Assembly, Ait Ahmed denounced the government's arrest of an independent chief and Ben Bella critic, leftist Mohammed Boudiaf. Repairing to his Kabylia village of Michelet, Ait Ahmed formed a tiny, clandestine party, the Front of Socialist Forces. With hardly any difficulty, the F.S.F. convinced over half the voters in Kabylia to boycott last month's referendums that rubber-stamped Ben Bella's one-party constitution and his nomination for President.

Among those won over to Ait Ahmed's movement was another disgruntled ex-rebel, Colonel Ou el Hadj, 52, the Kabylia army commander. A Berber and onetime jeweler, Ou el Hadj had served as wartime boss of Wilaya III, the Algerian guerrillas' savagely aggressive Kabylia military zone. Ou el Hadj had become furious with Ben Bella's army boss and No. 2 man, Colonel Houari Boumedienne, for purging the ex-guerrillas in favor of more obedient officers, many of whom spent the war in exile.

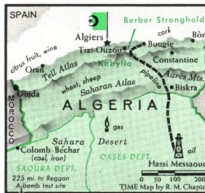
At the Forum. The two dissidents launched last week's crisis at a Sunday rally in the tile-roofed Kabylia capital, Tizi-Ouzou, which they had ringed round with machine guns. In Algeria's first popular demonstration against Ben Bella, 2,000 turbaned men and shawled women flocked into the town square, unimpressed by a government helicopter that fluttered past overhead. Sharing the platform, Ait Ahmed and Ou el Hadj proclaimed what began, at least, as a peaceful insurrection. Ait Ahmed called Ben Bella a "potentate," charged him with "betraying his comrades" and "destroying the revolution," added: "If the government wants to change its ways, we are ready to discuss things sincerely. If it refuses, we refuse to rally to this dictatorship."

In Algiers, Ben Bella called an emergency Cabinet meeting, fired Colonel Ou el Hadj, denounced Ait Ahmed and his party as "tools of imperialism." To unite the country, the Algerian leader suddenly charged that Morocco had massed troops "ten meters from the Algerian frontier"—an accusation for which there was little evidence, despite some recent border incidents.

Then, going before a rally of 100,000 hysterical supporters trucked into the Forum, Algiers' main square, Ben Bella shouted hotly: "There are those who say I am a dictator, but dictatorship is . . . personified by Mussolini and Trujillo . . . Ben Bella hates the rich and loves the poor." To prove it, he

announced: "From this minute on, every inch of French-owned land in Algeria belongs to the people"—thus confiscating the last remaining 2,500,000 acres still tilled by the fast-dwindling French colony. Formalizing his dictatorial rule, Ben Bella called Parliament into session, assumed "full powers" under his constitution.

Mist in the Trees. Militarily, things settled into an Alphonse-Gaston *opera bouffe*. Coolly refraining from an all-out attack on the insurgents, Ben Bella



vowed that "no blood will flow," and Colonel Ou el Hadj said that he certainly would not be the first to shoot. Only one clash was reported all week: Ou el Hadj claimed that government forces wounded one of his men north of Tizi-Ouzou. When five jeeps of government troops rolled into Tizi-Ouzou, Ou el Hadj and Ait Ahmed politely decamped to Michelet, where they were just as politely left alone, and opposing troops lighted one another's cigarettes. Rebel strength numbered no more than 2,000, if that many. To TIME Correspondent James Wilde, the dissident colonel eloquently denied reports that his men were digging in. "Guerrillas do not dig in," he said. "They move about like clouds over the mountains and disappear, like mist, into the trees." At his side, co-Rebel Ait Ahmed, clad in jacket and casual pullover, awkwardly cradled a submachine gun.

At week's end Ben Bella moved shrewdly to end the ridiculous stalemate and even turn it to his advantage. He appointed as chief of staff Commander Takar Zhiri, an old guerrilla buddy of Colonel Ou el Hadj who has also been feuding with Army Chief Boumedienne. The move was designed to pacify Ou el Hadj, in hopes of persuading him to desert Ait Ahmed. But since Boumedienne has been occupying the chief-of-staff post himself, the action also had the effect of downgrading the army boss, long rated as Ben Bella's last potential rival, who was in Moscow negotiating details of a \$100 million Soviet loan. Then, with another mission off to Morocco to ease tension along the border, Ben Bella settled back to see if the rebels could do more than drift over the mountains and disappear, like mist, into the trees.



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PEOPLE

Backstage on Broadway went **Margaret Truman Daniel**, 39, renewing acquaintance with a puppet regime that strikes her as a million laughs. The occasion was opening night of Sergei Obratsov's Russian Puppet Theater, a miniature spectacular that had the critics banning real live actors to some theatrical Siberia. Among the characters applauded was one splintery soprano, and Margaret loved that too. "A marvelous show," she trilled. "I first saw them in Moscow in 1960."

Roger M. Blough, 59, board chairman of U.S. Steel Corp., first tested his mettle playing guard, tackle and end for Susquehanna University, Selinsgrove, Pa. That was in the rah-rah '20s when Susquehanna lost the big ones by scores of 91-0, 87-6, 61-7. In December, Blough will receive the National Football Foundation's 1963 gold-medal award for "outstanding contributions to the game." How come? Well, deadpans the foundation, which in previous years has honored such All-American names as Herbert Hoover, Dwight Eisenhower, and John F. Kennedy. "Blough may not have been one of football's greatest players, but he was certainly one of the pluckiest . . . an undersized, hard-playing lineman for an outmanned varsity."

"Pretty Penny," her 21-room house in suburban Nyack, N.Y., abounds in memories: a wood carving from Alex Woolcott, a clock from Richard Burton, a salad bowl from John Barrymore. "Brie-a-brac, that's what it all is," says Theatrical First Lady **Helen Hayes**, 63, who has already put up for sale the house where she spent nearly



HELEN AT HOME
Brie-a-brac bracketed.



MARGARET & ACQUAINTANCES
Puppet cheered.

three decades with Playwright Charles MacArthur. This week the dishes, furniture and memorabilia—more than 1,000 items—will be sold at auction on the front lawn, with proceeds going into a scholarship fund named for Daughter Mary, who died of polio in 1949. Having a last look around before flying off to winter in Mexico, the actress evinced few regrets. "The financial and spiritual strain has been too hard. There is so much—from so many years."

While making a speech in Philadelphia, **Edward R. Murrow**, 55, chain-smoking director of the U.S. Information Agency, grew hoarse and decided to check in at Washington Hospital Center on his return to the capital. Doctors found a tumor in his left lung, decided that location of the growth made it necessary to remove the entire lung.

An organization man who really swings was what Warner Brothers wanted. So, for an undisclosed sum, they hired none other than **Frank Sinatra**, 47, as a new special assistant to help 71-year-old President Jack L. Warner on matters of high policy. Whether Sinatra might be heir apparent to Warner's movie-making empire was anybody's guess, but Hollywood insiders can readily identify the secret ingredient that qualifies Frankie to join the ranks of rising executives: it's a gas.

For years some 300,000 items from the bulging correspondence and papers of **Warren G. Harding** lay gathering dust in the basement of the 29th President's home in Marion, Ohio. "But historians have been clamoring for them," says Dr. Carl W. Sawyer, 82-year-old son of Harding's personal physician and head of the Harding Memorial Association. Now the Association has donated the entire lot to the Ohio Historical Society, which plans to move all 157 ft. of file cases to Columbus for sorting and cataloging.

Setting the tone of his six-day pleasure jaunt to Paris, Soviet Cosmonaut **Yuri Gagarin**, 29, spoke at a luncheon

in Deauville: "The world is divided into two fiercely hostile clans—men and women." Thus went the playful new party line. Gagarin enjoyed dinner at Maxim's, rampant vaudeville and slender nudes at the Lido, and accepted the Silver Medal of the City of Paris (also awarded by proxy to U.S. Astronaut John Glenn). Next trip will be to Mexico City, with a stopover in New York, where Yuri may bump into a comrade, Spacegirl **Valentina Tereshkova**, 26, and have to explain that battle-of-the-sexes remark. Last week in Havana, Valentina was telling Cubans that she and Yuri have booked His and Hers berths on Russia's first manned rocket to the moon.

Eunice Shriver, 41, the President's sister, is expecting her fourth child in February.

Her professional TV debut, **Elizabeth Taylor** in *London*, earned its star a tidy \$250,000 in mad money, but otherwise the Thameside travelogue proved largely a bust. Overdressed (in gowns by Yves St. Laurent) and overshadowed (on the upper eyelids), Liz occasionally seemed over her head as she struggled with recitations from Keats, Shakespeare and Sir Winston Churchill. Meanwhile, down Mexico way, her knight of the *Iguana*, **Richard Burton**, 37, acted tame as a lamb. Gossip columnists eager to thicken the off-screen plot of Tennessee Williams' lusty epic kept an eye on pert co-Star **Sue (Lolita) Lyon**, 17. But Dickie stayed cool with a cold beer, displayed no passion, except for one minor outburst when Sue muffed her lines. Never far away was Liz, who interrupted one scene because she thought Burton sounded tired. "Oh, it's nothing, luv," said he, and the show went on.



RICHARD & SUE
Lyon hearted?



people



who
know



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*Left: American 440 Convertible
Center: American 440-H Hardtop
Right: American 330 Station Wagon*

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*Left: All-new Classic 770 Hardtop
Right: Ambassador V-8 990 Station Wagon*

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SPORT

BASEBALL

K Is for Koufax

He stood proudly at the plate in his pin-stripe New York Yankee uniform, listening to the roar of the huge hometown crowd. "It's a hell of a thing," said Pinch-Hitter Harry Bright. "I wait 17 years to get into a World Series. Then I finally get up there, and 69,000 people are yelling—yelling for me to strike out." Whiff he did, thus capping a spectacular performance—for someone else.

The achievement belonged to Pitcher Sandy Koufax, 28, who, in his nine seasons with the Los Angeles Dodgers, has known his share of trouble. Only last year, a mysterious circulatory ailment called Raynaud's Phenomenon almost

side his name in the scorebook before he managed an infield pop-up—and drop-kicked his batting helmet halfway to the dugout. At last, Tommy Tresh got to Koufax for a two-run homer. But Bobby Richardson, who struck out only 22 times all season, whiffed three times. "That," muttered a Yankee, "is an act of God." Finally, with two out in the ninth, Koufax fogged the final fastball past Harry Bright. That made the total 15 strikeouts, and a new Series record.

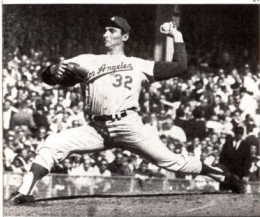
As Good a Way As Any. The Dodgers had other heroes. Catcher John Roseboro hit a three-run homer off Whitey Ford, and First Baseman Bill Skowron, a Yankee discard, devalued his old teammates with two run-producing hits. But none could match Koufax. In the

venge, put the game away with a wrong-way homer into the rightfield stands. Final score: Dodgers 4, Yankees 1.

CAN'T ANYBODY HERE BEAT THESE DODGERS? asked the New York Herald Tribune. Nobody seemed to know, least of all the Yankees. "I'll tell you one thing," growled Manager Ralph Houk on his arrival in Los Angeles. "We haven't thrown in no damned towel yet. We gotta start hitting soon, and I think we'll do it against that righthander—what's his name?—Drysedale?"

Waving Feathers. Yes, Don Drysdale, the towering (6 ft. 6 in.) part-time TV actor who lost almost as many games as he won during the long summer (record: 19-17). But by now the mighty Yankees, the never-choke champions, the team that does not accept defeat, could only imagine what horrors were in store for them. Right at the start of the third game, the Dodgers

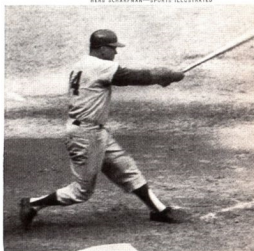
HERB SCHARFMAN—SPORTS ILLUSTRATED



KOUFAX



MANTLE



SKOWRON

Can't anybody beat these Dodgers?

caused doctors to amputate the forefinger on his pitching hand.* But this year Koufax won 25 games, lost only five, set a record with 306 strikeouts, and was the key man in the Dodgers' drive to the National League pennant. Yet all that seemed nothing compared to last week.

With artistry and audacity, Koufax beat the New York Yankees 5-2 in the first game of the World Series. He not only beat the fearsome Yankees; he humiliated them.

Sometimes it was a smoking fastball, sometimes a tantalizing curve that dropped like an overripe apple across the center of the plate. Whatever it was, the Yankees could not hit it. The top of the Yankee order, producers of 73 home runs this year, did not get the ball in front of the plate until the sixth inning. Mickey Mantle had two Ks be-

cause he rubbed a little salt in Yankee wounds. "I would have been satisfied with 14 strikeouts," he said, "but I had to end the game some way, and that seemed as good a way as any."

The bookies still picked the Yankees to win the second game. Dodger Manager Walter Alton's pitcher for this engagement was Johnny Podres, who at 31 is getting a trifle thick around the waist. There are those who joke that Bachelor Podres pitches harder off the field than on ("He's done all the things that Bo Belinsky says he has," goes one gag), but among his peers he has a reputation as a "money" pitcher who is toughest under pressure. Over 81 innings, he gave up only six hits and one run; then he handed the ball to Relief Pitcher Ron Perranoski, and tipped his cap to the fans.

Meanwhile, the Dodgers made the Yankees look like a farm club. Marvelous Maury Wills blithely stole second on a pick-off play. Tommy Davis clouted two triples and ran his Series batting average to .625; "Moose" Skowron, still drinking thirstily at the well of re-

scraped up a run. And once again, the Yankee sluggers might have been waving feathers for all the wood they got on the ball. Mickey Mantle got his first hit of the series—a bloop bunt single. There were only two other Yankee hits, and nine more horrendous strikeouts, and it all ended in a 1-0 shutout.

After three games, the Yankees had managed 16 base hits, just three runs. And then, there on the mound for the fourth game stood Koufax again. Mickey Mantle finally hit a fast ball into the bleachers. It was the only Yankee run. Sandy Koufax's teammates got him two runs—and that was all he needed to make the Los Angeles Dodgers the first team in history to sweep the Yankees four straight in the World Series.

COLLEGE FOOTBALL

Wails of a Winner

The hardest thing a football coach has to learn is to keep a straight face. No coach—or con man—ever gave it a better try than Oklahoma's Bud Wilkinson. Those might have been real tears

* Last week Dodger Physician Robert Woods disclosed that Koufax's finger had been saved by the use of four drugs: Coumadin (an anticoagulant), fibrinolysin (used to dissolve clots in blood vessels), Iliad and Priscoline (both used to dilate arteries).

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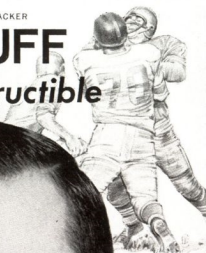


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OKLAHOMA'S WILKINSON
Quietly brutal and boisterous.

welling in his blue eyes as he watched his Sooners take the field against Southern California's mighty Trojans, winners of twelve straight games, the nation's No. 1-ranked college team. "Us?" sniffed Wilkinson. "Oh, we're far too slow and inexperienced to have much of a chance against their superior speed, aerial play and experience."

As handsome as a movie star, Bud Wilkinson, 47, could probably charm the mittens off a polar bear. But convince anybody that he could field a bad football team? In Wilkinson's 16 seasons at Oklahoma, the Sooners have won 14 Missouri Valley (Big Eight) Conference titles and three national championships, and rattled off victory streaks of 31 and 47 games. Only once has Wilkinson suffered the indignity of a losing season, and even out-of-state sportswriters know that when Wilkinson waits, he wins. So last week, after the Sooners outgained (360 yds. to 237 yds.) and outscored the Trojans (17-12), the experts were ready with their superlatives. "Magnificent," they wrote. "Hotter than Los Angeles' 105° weather." That was enough to push Oklahoma back into its familiar No. 1 spot in the rankings and start Coach Wilkinson waiting all over again. "We could well lose five games this year."

"Hit First!" A leathery blocking back at Minnesota in the late '30s, Wilkinson arrived at Oklahoma in 1946 as an assistant to Head Coach Jim Tatum, inherited the top job a year later when Tatum left for Maryland. It was hardly a plum: over the years, the Sooners had regularly clobbered patsies like Kingfisher College (179-0), just as regularly taken their lumps from the likes of Texas (7-40). "You know what we were before we started winning foot-

Sentry reports

on widows as business partners

Problems by the bushel can arise when a key man dies, and his widow becomes your new business associate. In many cases, the pretty face across the conference table will have no inkling of your business or its problems . . . and would be happy to sell her inherited equity and go back to the bridge table. But if the business is pressed for cash, this may not be possible.

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OLD STYLE



NEW STYLE

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ball games?" asks a Wilkinson admirer. "The Grapes of Wrath. That was all anybody thought of us. Bud changed all that."

Scouring the prairie, Wilkinson recruited squads of lean, tall, whippet-fast plainmen. "Hit hard!" other coaches taught. Wilkinson taught, "Hit first!" Other teams might run 60 offensive plays on a winning afternoon; the go-go Sooners ran 100.

Week after week, year after year, Oklahoma ran under, over and around a succession of bedazzled opponents. Things got so monotonous that the N.C.A.A. finally broke up the act, slapped Oklahoma with a two-year probation. Southwest Conference colleges complained that Wilkinson was pirating away Texas's best football prospects. The probation worked: Oklahoma slumped to a 3-6-1 record in 1960 and 5-5 in 1961.

Local Lumber. Quietly, carefully, Wilkinson rebuilt the team—with local lumber. Six of this year's starting eleven are Oklahomans, and there are only twelve Texans on the 63-man varsity squad. The team is big: Tackle Ralph Neely weighs in at 246 lbs. It is fast: Halfback Joe Don Looney, a bull-necked 225-pounder, runs the 100 in 9.7 sec. It is brutal, boisterous—and tricky as a sidewinder. The Sooners sometimes run plays without a huddle, trying to catch their opponents out of position.

In the locker room, Wilkinson never lifts his voice above a caress. Yet the effect is cosmic. Says Assistant Coach Leon Cross: "When he lays it out there, it's all I can do to keep from throwing on the pads myself." Wilkinson's No. 1 assistant, Gomer Jones, has a different problem. "Sometimes," he says, "I think of myself as St. Peter."

This week Wilkinson's Sooners come up against No. 3-ranked Texas in what promises to be one of the most exciting battles of the young season. Oklahoma has had two weeks to prepare and will be the favorite. But Texas is just as lean and just as mean, and Coach Darrell Royal is one man who knows most of Wilkinson's tricks. After all, he was an All-America quarterback for Bud in 1949.

WHO WON

In a football uniform, Navy's Roger Staubach acts more like an admiral than a midshipman. Last week at Ann Arbor, Mich., Quarterback Staubach was the whole show for Navy; he completed 14 of 16 passes for 237 yds., passed for two touchdowns and scored a third himself. Favored by seven points, Navy made the odds makers look stingy, beat Michigan's outclassed Wolverines 26-13. Other scores:

Southern California	13	Michigan State	10
Illinois	10	Northwestern	9
Ohio State	21	Indiana	0
Pitt	35	California	15
Minnesota	24	Army	8
S.M.U.	10	Air Force	0



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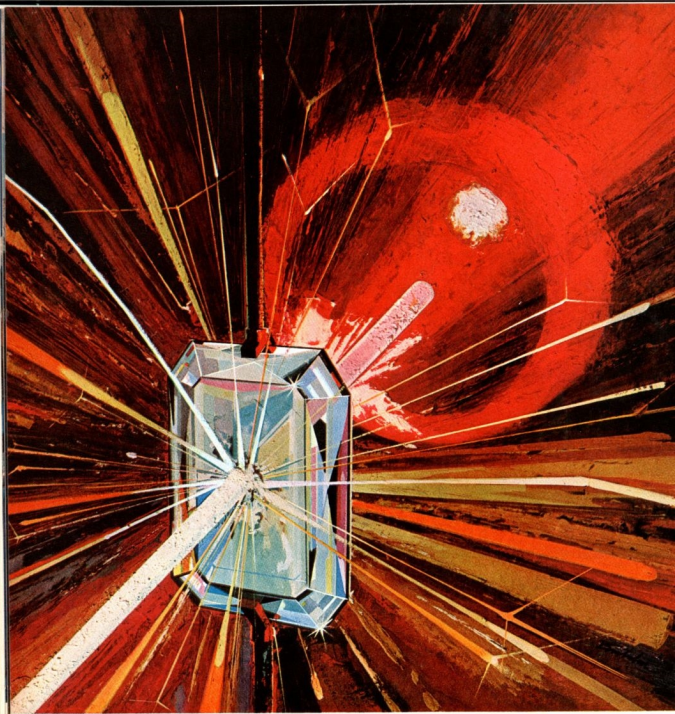
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THE PRESS

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENTS

The Saigon Story

Some day there will be novels about that hardy band of U.S. correspondents covering the war in Viet Nam in 1963. Presumably, being fiction, they will make everything clear and have everything come out right. But today, telling the truth about the Saigon press corps is a difficult job.

There is a story there, and it is currently the biggest intramural story in U.S. journalism—the most argued-about and debated press story since the hue and cry over “managed news” last year.

Personally, the correspondents are serious, somewhat on the young side, energetic, ambitious, convivial, in love with their work. So in love, in fact, that they talk about little else. They have a strong sense of mission.

Last week they turned out in response to a tip and covered the latest Buddhist suicide by fire. While the press corps tried to comply with the crowd's pleas—“Take pictures! Tell Mr. Kennedy!”—plainclothesmen moved in to confiscate their cameras. As they tried to protect their equipment, Grant Workill and John Sharkey of NBC and David Halberstam of the New York Times were beaten; all three required hospitalization. Secretary of State Dean Rusk and Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge made a prompt protest to the Vietnamese government.

Time Bomb. Sometimes, however, the correspondents' sense of mission gets them into a different sort of trouble. It raises the question: Have they given their readers an unduly pessimistic view of the progress of the war and the quality of the Diem government?

It is not an idle question, for Washington policymakers, receiving considerable conflicting information of their own, have relied a good deal on what they have read in the public prints. One White House adviser says that, for him, the Times's Halberstam is a more trustworthy source of battle information than all the official cables available in Washington. Editor Hearst Frank Conniff wrote that the New York Times's reporting on Viet Nam had misled the President; it was, he said, “a political time bomb,” just as the Times's coverage of the Castro revolution in Cuba represented the Times's “loaded present to President Eisenhower.”

These two views bracket an important part of the Saigon story—and indicate its emotional flavor.

Anti, Anti, Pro. The story began some months ago, even before the Buddhist uprising brought additional correspondents to the scene. Both wire services' correspondents, the A.P.'s Malcolm Browne and U.P.I.'s Neil Sheehan, got into heated arguments with their home offices over their coverage. Recently the A.P. told Browne to take a

month off to quiet down. There was tension in many a newspaper office—and plenty in Saigon.

Worried by their correspondents' insistent anti-Diem, anti-Nhu, pro-Buddhist, we're-losing-the-war attitude, editors began sending other hands to Saigon for a fresh look. One of the first such visitors was the New York Herald Tribune's Maggie Higgins, who complained: “Reporters here would like to see us lose the war to prove they're right.” She went out into the field in an effort to get “the seldom-told other side of the story,” a story, she insisted, “that contrasts violently with the tragic headlines and anti-Diem ferment in the big cities.”

When the Times queried their man in Saigon for his opinion about Maggie Higgins' views, Halberstam became exasperated. Any more questions about “that woman's copy,” he cabled, “and I resign, repeat, resign.”

Other papers sent reporters with fresh eyes. The Wall Street Journal dispatched Igor Oganessoff and Norm Sklarewitz; John Cowles's Minneapolis Tribune sent Robert Hewett. Conniff and the rest of the Hearst staff force set out for the Far East. So did Columnist Joe Alsop, a talented reporter and longtime Asian expert. Alsop characterized the Saigon correspondents as “young crusaders.” He wasted no time reminding his readers that “it is easy enough to paint a dark, indignant picture without departing from the facts, if you ignore the majority of Americans who admire the Vietnamese as fighters and seek out the one U.S. officer in ten who inevitably thinks that all foreigners fight badly. The same method used to report the doings of the Diem government has naturally been even more effective, since a great many of these doings have been remarkably misguided.”

Collective Judgment. The press in Saigon was obviously making news in itself, and in its Sept. 20 issue, TIME assessed their work. By then, neither the

correspondents' emotional involvement nor their privately outspoken attitude toward the Diem government was seriously denied. TIME found the Saigon reporters to be working hard under extremely difficult conditions, but also found them such a tightly knit group that their dispatches tended to reinforce their own collective judgment, which was severely critical of practically everything. What they reported about the course of the war was seriously questioned in Washington; what they wrote about the deterioration of the Diem government (not sufficiently emphasized in the TIME story) was correct—and confirmed all around, even unintentionally by Mme. Ngo Dinh Nhu (TIME cover, Aug. 9) as she made her noisy way around the world.

In emotion-taut Saigon, the TIME story was resented. Charles Mohr, TIME's Southeast Asia bureau chief, resigned. The Saigon reporters were not without their spirited defenders. The Times's Scotty Reston called his colleague Halberstam “brilliant,” and Louis Lyons, 66, the retiring curator of Nieman Fellowships at Harvard, described him as “absolutely prophetic.” Newly arrived Ambassador Lodge said: “The regular press here is appealing, brave, tremendously hard-working.”

No Apologies. As the argument about the reporting from Viet Nam continued, the Hotel Caravelle's eighth-floor bar, which serves as an unofficial Saigon press club, began to fill up with unfamiliar faces. The visiting observers found resident newsmen in a fighting mood, quick to defend their every dispatch. U.S. officials have constantly lied to them, they said, and the U.S. embassy has shunned them for years. They play up gripes from junior officers in the field but consider General Paul Harkins, Commander of the U.S. Forces in South Viet Nam, too evasive for his statements to be taken seriously. They seldom bother to see Diem government officials because, they say, the effort only gets them either more lies or run-arounds. They have no apologies for their total dislike of the Diem govern-



CONNIFF

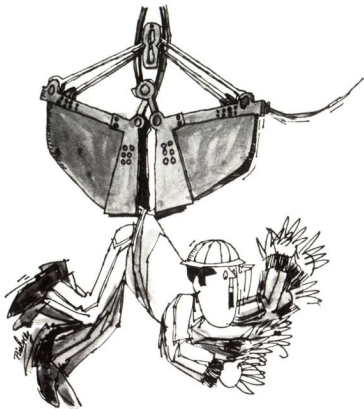


ALSO



HALBERSTAM, BROWNE & SHEEHAN

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ment, but regardless of their personal feelings, they insist, their reporting has been as accurate as the confusing conditions permit.

The argument and emotions went on last week even as Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara and General Maxwell Taylor, Chairman of the J.C.S., came home to report, even as President Kennedy made it clear that the U.S. is determined to dig in for a long and winning war, determined to find a way to deal with the bad political situation it must continue to live with in Viet Nam.

NEWSPAPERS

Toot! Toot!

From industry to orange groves, practically everything thrives in the skillet-shaped San Fernando Valley. Out of every 100 people who went to Los Angeles in the '50s, 80 settled in the Valley, and today it is growing faster than any major U.S. city. Average family income is \$9,300; retail sales last year ran better than \$1.6 billion. Even the lackluster San Fernando Valley Times managed to make a little money, and when John Cowles, president of the Minneapolis Star and Tribune, put up about \$3,000,000 to buy the little daily in 1960, his proud plans sounded perfectly reasonable. He figured to turn the Times into a big, successful paper with a circulation of 1,000,000. Now, after 3½ years of expensive effort, Cowles has sold the paper, convinced at last that in the San Fernando Valley a good newspaper is hard to find.

Dripping Zeal. Before Cowles came along, the Valley Times was satisfied with a circulation of 50,000. Owner Russell A. Quisenberry kept salaries low (top: \$105 a week), filled the pages with canned features that were best exemplified by a column called "Kuff Notes," by Willie Looseleaf ("One thing about a tree surgeon, he never loses a patient unless it's dead wood").

Impatient with such lethargy, the new owner reached for a success similar to that of the late Alicia Patterson's Newsday (circ. 373,587), which caters to Long Island suburbanites. He brought in a task force of bright, energetic newsmen, increased the news staff to 50, and boosted salaries. From Minneapolis came Promotion Manager Robert Weed as publisher and Assistant City Editor Ed Goodpaster as managing editor. "Cowles couldn't be expected to run a schlock operation here," says Weed. "This had to look like something."

It did. The paper's name was changed to the Valley Times Today. Bureaus were opened all through the Valley. Special interest pages on schools, youth and clubs were added. The composing room got the lead out, changed the body type and headline style. The paper fairly dripped with zeal. Says one ex-staffer: "It was like being in on the early days of Pulitzer's Post-Dispatch, TIME or The New Yorker. We all felt that we were

part of a mission." The pages blossomed with news from the Star-Tribune's Washington bureau; there was a week-end wrap-up section, features on abortions, Viet Nam, the county fair and Black Muslims. Three editions blanketed the Valley every day. But circulation increased by only 1,500 copies; the paper lost about \$25,000 a month.

The failure can be blamed largely on the character of the Valley. Like so many suburban areas, San Fernando Valley is an amorphous appendage of Los Angeles rather than a well-defined community. Its commuters drive to work, have no time to read while going to and from their jobs. When they do reach for a paper, there are plenty besides the Valley Times Today. The area is swamped with half-aids shoppers' throwaways. And to make matters worse, the Los Angeles Times met the



REDDICK
Pied progress.

Cowles challenge by starting a Valley edition (circ. 86,000).

Old Times. Disappointed by the Valley, Cowles sold out for about \$2,000,000 to Lamot Copeland Jr., son of Du Pont's president. The paper has resumed its old name and much of its old flavor. Russell Quisenberry is back, as board chairman. The new publisher is a self-styled "Constitutionalist" named Ben Reddick, a public relations man who ran the tri-weekly Newport Beach News-Press so haphazardly that the Audit Bureau of Circulation was moved to comment in 1961: "The condition of the circulation records made an accurate audit for the previous 24 months impossible."

Reddick is a gung-ho type of a vastly different style from Cowles. A man of strong conservative views, he has declared himself glad with Goldwater, distrustful of foreign aid, suspicious of the Negro civil rights revolt. He is now on the lookout for "a good Constitutional columnist. I'd give my right arm to have Fulton Lewis Jr."

Meanwhile, the Times has fallen back on its old unpredictable ways. Its new character is best illustrated by a piece written by Ben Reddick himself. "Today is today," he trumpeted. "Progress is wonderful. Too! Too!"

Many of the Cowles-recruited staffers who have not already fled are frantically looking for jobs. They don't give even one tool.



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SHOW BUSINESS

TELEVISION

Cactus Jack

Long before Nielsen ratings are printed, TV executives, admen, sponsors, and producers have read Jack Gould, for he is the television critic of the New York Times. As such, he holds in one hand the biggest machete and in the other the biggest nosegay possessed by any TV critic. Always fair, faultlessly responsible, he is on rare occasions trenchant, and on even rarer ones funny—as he was recently when he hailed



MARKEL



GOULD

Tough Times.

Joe Valachi as a style-setter for Hollywood mobsters of the future.

As a prose stylist, Gould often shows more punch than punch, and one word that seldom describes his columns is biting. Last week, however, Critic Gould bitingly (and amusingly) bit the hand that feeds him.

A new monthly TV program called *News in Perspective* premiered on New York's earnest educational TV station WNDT. It was a New York Times show all the way, starring the Times's autocratic Sunday Editor Lester Markel, and featuring the Times's Washington diplomatic correspondent, Max Frankel, and White House Correspondent Tom Wicker.

"Every time a set owner looks up, he sees somebody else from the New York Times," grouched Gould in his column. "Mr. Markel's program had interesting intentions but, unfortunately, they were not realized in the slightest. The New York Times has everything to learn about doing news on television. The debut of the Times . . . was superficial and often trite . . . dull . . . disconnected . . . overdone . . . awkward."

Fearless Jack is a well-knit 49-year-old fellow with a pugilist's jaw, who knows how to handle himself when things get rough in the men's washroom. The potential opposition was either cool or only slightly smoldering, however. "We give our critics a free hand," said Managing Editor Turner Catledge, betraying no surprise at Critic Gould's intrafamilial sabotage. "Our first obligation is to our readers."

The Times's editors are its most assiduous readers, and Reader Markel, for one, did not feel that the paper had lived up to its obligation to him—even though he runs his Sunday empire as a private preserve, in which the daily-staff members are considered half-castes. Was Gould's review fair? "I should think not," said Markel. "Everyone I know was amazed."

That was a bit of an inaccuracy, since Sunday Editor Markel knows Gould quite well. "We're very good friends," mourned Markel. "At least I assumed we were." One final thought seemed to salve his feelings. "Gould didn't like Judy Garland, either."

HOLLYWOOD

As Long as You're Up Get Me a Grant

"In a very good year," Bob Hope once said, "I had my choice between a Rolls-Royce, a new house in Beverly Hills, or a suit from Sy Devore."

Sy is a tailor. To call him Hollywood's No. 1 tailor would be to insult him by suggesting that there could possibly be a No. 2 Hollywood tailor. He gets about \$50 a stitch, because his label, in Hollywood, signifies incomparable status. When a star gets into the 10%-of-the-god category, he is ready for Sy Devore.

No Sequins. Sy is custom itself. He drapes David Niven aloofly and John Wayne toughly. He is the author of Bob Hope's tweeds. If Donald O'Connor wants to look like George M. Cohan, which for some reason he does, Sy cuts him a checkered vest. But he won't do just anything. He designed Liberace's first gold lame suit, but when the big Lib began demanding sequins for it, Sy sent him to a costume house.

Elvis Presley used to walk in, sweep \$1,000 worth of clothes off the rack, and walk out (Sy democratically keeps racks for people who make less than \$100,000 a year). Sy finally convinced Presley that he ought to stand still for fittings. Elvis stood—until Sy told the world that Elvis wore no underwear. Elvis sulked for a while, but he came back, wearing underwear.

Sy's standards vary with his clientele. For people like Jerry Lewis, he will cut orange slacks and velvet-collared, cognac-colored dinner jackets; but soon after Peter Lawford took office as presidential brother-in-law, Sy began dressing him in striped suits and two-button coats, trying to raise Lawford to the standards of John Kennedy. "Kennedy is the best dressed President since Washington," says Sy. "Washington was so immaculate. Every time I see a picture of him, I'm astounded." Sy tries gamely to dress Pierre Salinger like Washington too.

Lewis and Dean Martin are Sy's prime

customers. Jerry orders about \$75,000 worth of clothes a year. He says he is allergic to dry-cleaning solvent, so he wears a suit three times and gives it away to needy performers. Years ago, Sammy Davis Jr. and Tony Curtis used to walk around in Sy Devore suits that were hand-me-downs from Lewis. When Martin and Lewis split up, everyone in Hollywood was saying, "Who gets custody of Sy Devore?"

No Bulgies. Actually Sy is not as expensive as the jokes about him suggest. He charges only about \$350 for custom suits. The vicuna suits crowd \$450. If he had his druthers, he would sculpt all his fabled clients into what he calls the Sy Devore All-American Look. Jackets, cut a good inch and a half shorter than the average, have square shoulders and single buttons. There is no handkerchief pocket—Sy hates bulgies. Trousers have frontier pockets (like dungarees), no hip pockets, no cuffs, no belt (or a half belt in cloth), and are three inches trimmer than a standard size at the knee. Sy recommends leather boots to go with all this. The overall impression is a kind of subdued ostentation, part banker, part bookie, part ivy, part jivy. Everything is lined with paisley silk. Even the lint is lined.

Sy himself dresses humbly, because a good tailor knows his place. He wears black silk-tweed jackets with silver buttons, and black moiré jeans with white double-stitched frontier pockets. He has always resisted his impulse to drive a \$40,000 automobile. He scrapes around in a Lincoln Continental instead, and lives in an unostentatious \$250,000 house.

But Sy, for all this, is a frustrated man: he has yet to sell Cary Grant so much as an unmonogrammed handkerchief. "He," sighs Sy, "is the only one I want to dress."



TAILOR DEVORE
Even the lint is lined.

MEDICINE

PATHOLOGY

The Last Word

To most laymen, a pathologist is either a Sherlock Holmes type called in to study a corpse and solve a murder mystery or the man in the laboratory at the end of the corridor who reports to the surgeon, "It's all right to close up that patient—the growth is benign." But between those extremes the pathologist's work proliferates endlessly. In Chicago last week, the American Society of Clinical Pathologists and the College of American Pathologists got together in annual meeting to trade expertise on the whole range of human ills and, incidentally, to sharpen up their public image.

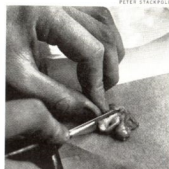
By definition, pathology is the study of disease, a statement that scarcely distinguishes it from other branches of medicine. Pathologists try to make their efforts a little clearer with a lot more words: "Observation and understanding of the progress of disease by morphological, microscopic, chemical, microbiologic, serologic or any other type of laboratory examination made on the patient or on any material obtained from the patient." The list ranges wide enough to include work for some 5,500 U.S. physicians qualified as specialists in pathology.

Slice & Spin. Just as they cut tiny pieces of human tissue into microscopically thin slices to study the progress of disease, pathologists tend to slice up their own specialty. One main branch is called anatomic pathology, and its devotees concern themselves with structural changes in tissues, usually seen at autopsy. But it is also the anatomic pathologist who examines the piece of tissue from a patient still on the operating table and tells the surgeon whether or not it is cancerous.

The clinical pathologist runs the laboratories where blood tests are made, makes many of the tissue examinations himself, and studies minute changes in obscure body fluids. Both these classes of pathologists are "doctors' doctors." In their own cliché, they are the ones who have the last word. Farthest removed from the public are the comparative pathologists, who concern themselves with such basic problems as what disease is and why organisms grow old.

Whatever part of their specialty they practice, pathologists learn to use a dazzling array of gadgets designed to help them find answers to forbiddingly difficult questions:

- ▶ Centrifuges to spin out the cells from the blood's plasma.
- ▶ Ultracentrifuges to sort out fat-protein combines in the blood by their molecular weights.
- ▶ Microtomes that work like miniature bacon slicers on a piece of tissue no bigger than the tip of a baby's pinkie and



CUTTING SPECIMEN



PATHOLOGIST'S EXAMINATION

cut it into slivers each less than one twenty-five-thousandth of an inch thick. ▶ Dyes for staining tissues and cells and even individual germs, including some to make suspect substances glow under ultraviolet rays.

Public & Private. In their wide-ranging surveys, the Chicago conferees reported on new tests for infectious mononucleosis, the beginning signs of cancer in the mouth, nickel workers' lung cancer, the hyaline membrane disease that killed President Kennedy's infant son two months ago, and a possible mechanism to explain how a violent reaction against a food protein may be the cause of mysterious infant deaths (TIME, Oct. 4).

Inevitably, because blood is a whole pharmacopoeia in itself, the hematologists had a field day. Dr. Leon N. Sussman of Manhattan's Beth Israel Hospital pointed out that besides the familiar ABO and Rh factors noted on every serviceman's dog tag and blood donor's identity card, there are no fewer than 15 other "public"* factors widely distributed in human blood. By computing all the possible combinations of these, Dr. Sussman arrived at the startling figure of 57.6 million different kinds of

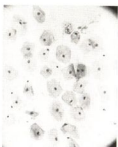
* As distinct from 13 recognized "private" factors, which have been found only in certain families.



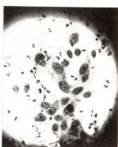
FREEZING TISSUE



SLICING BY MICROTOME



NORMAL CELLS



CANCER CELLS

A lick is worth a lot.

people distinguishable by telltale proteins in their blood. Because there undoubtedly are still other factors not yet recognized, he doubts that any two people in the world, except identical twins, have identical blood.

The virtual indestructibility of blood-group markers is shown daily by forensic pathologists who solve a crime by analyzing a single spot of months-old blood. Less commonly known, said Dr. Sussman, is that 80% of people have similar substances, from which ABO grouping can be determined, in their sputum, saliva, nasal secretions, urine and seminal fluid. To prove it in his laboratory, Dr. Sussman got an assistant to lick a postage stamp and stick it on a piece of paper. This was left on the lab table, exposed to air, sun and dust. At the end of a month, one-quarter of the stamp's back yielded enough material to identify the lickier as type B.

GERONTOLOGY

The Tireless Brain

There was no doubt about the executives' IQs. They were all successful men who had demonstrated their ability to get ahead in highly competitive fields. But now their average age was 52, and many were older. Were they slipping? If so, how badly? In some cases, their employers wanted to know. In others, the men themselves wanted the answer. In all cases, Psychologists Willard A. Kerr of the Illinois Institute of Technology and Ward C. Halstead of the University of Chicago wanted to find out whether a man's mental ability necessarily declines with age.

Each executive took some tests that seemed, at first glance, to have nothing

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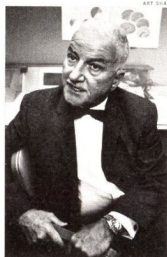
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*SLIGHTLY HIGHER WEST OF ROCKIES

to do with mental ability. They were asked to show how steady they could hold their hands, how fast they could wiggle their index fingers, how fast a light could flicker before they saw it as a steady beam. Such studies were to show how well the nervous system was functioning at the physiological level. There were other tests that dealt with reactions to abstract patterns, and that graded the subjects on ability to understand and remember what they heard and read. Because of little-understood crossovers in the brain's circuitry, results of all the tests gave clues to each man's ability to absorb new ideas and deal with new words.

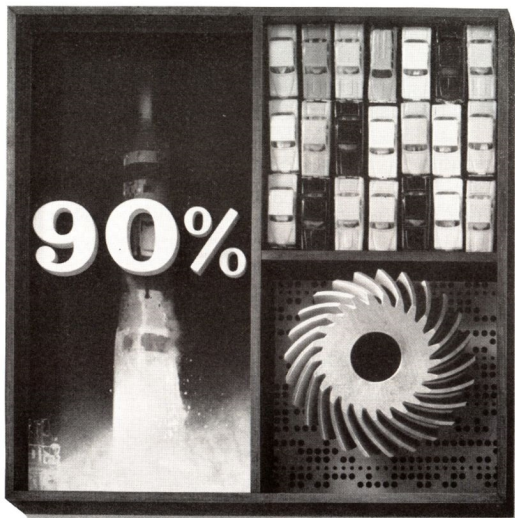
The tests were also designed to show actual mental impairment, which could



PSYCHOLOGIST HALSTEAD
It's easier to think than spit.

be the result of arteriosclerosis or other damage to brain arteries. But among executives subject to regular medical checkups, such impairment was not likely to have gone undetected. What the psychologists were really looking for was any suggestion of changes in mental function resulting solely from age. Among the men in their 50s, they found no changes that were inevitable. Some of the men in their 60s and 70s showed a loss of memory, reasoning and decision-making power, but many did not. Most of the group of 424 aging executives showed as much mental agility as a bunch of medical students averaging 25 years old.

Any decline of mental powers with age, the psychologists conclude, is more likely to result from the brain's getting too little rather than too much work. The brain simply does not get exhausted from overwork, though the individual may get worn out from emotional strain associated with his effort. "Mental fatigue independent of emotional strain probably never has been measured," says Dr. Kerr. "It takes less energy to think the greatest thought ever thought than it takes to spit."



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METROPOLITANS & BISHOPS AT ORTHODOX CONFERENCE IN RHODES
But then shouts of anger through the door.

ROMAN CATHOLICISM

Freedom for a Fighter

It was again bishop's move in the diplomatic chess game played by Communism with the Roman Catholic Church. Last week the brand-new Czechoslovak government of Premier Josef Lenart announced that Prague's Archbishop Josef Beran and four other prelates would be released from confinement.

The release of the five Czech bishops was the first sign of a thaw between the church and a Stalinist regime that has been tougher on Catholicism longer than any other satellite government. But it had in short (5 ft. 2 in.), cheerful Josef Beran a tough opponent. Son of a schoolteacher, he served 15 years as a parish priest before becoming a teacher at Prague's Charles University in 1927. Beran was arrested by the Nazis in 1942, spent nearly three years at the notorious Dachau concentration camp. Pope Pius XII named him Archbishop of Pius in 1946.

Like Hungary's Josef Cardinal Mindszenty, Beran chose to battle his Communist overlords rather than negotiate with them after the Reds took over in 1948. He publicly protested the seizure of church property, forbade his clergy to take an oath of loyalty to the new regime, and eventually was put under house arrest. One day in 1949 Justice Minister Alexei Copicka visited the archiepiscopal palace, hoping to bully him into submission. In answer, Beran went to a closet, picked up a bundle of ragged clothes that he had worn at Dachau, said "Let's go." He was hustled out of public view to imprisonment in a series of well-guarded country villas.

Now 74 and reportedly in ill health, Beran is not expected to take possession of his see. His release along with his fellow bishops was obviously designed to provide a favorable image for a new government faced with public unrest over economic troubles. It also stirred hope again that Cardinal Mindszenty might soon leave his lonely exile in the U.S. legation in Budapest. For in Prague to hear the news of Beran's freedom was Hungary's Premier Janos Kadar, the Red satellite leader who seems most eager to reach some new form of concord with the church.

RELIGION

ORTHODOXY

Toward a Dialogue

The autonomous churches of Orthodoxy are united in faith but seldom in action—especially when dealing with Roman Catholicism. Patriarch Alexei of Moscow sends observers to the Vatican Council, and Athenagoras I, the Ecumenical Patriarch of Constantinople, made no secret of his high regard for Pope John XXIII. But openness of this sort cuts no ice with the Holy Synod of Greece, which prefers to remember Rome as sponsor of the Crusaders who sacked Constantinople in 1204.

When Pope Paul VI recently invited Orthodoxy to join with Rome in settling their doctrinal disputes, Archbishop Chrysostomos of Athens and All Greece denounced Roman Catholicism as "centralist and absolutist." When representatives of other Orthodox churches gathered in Rhodes to take up the question of sending observers to the council, the Greek prelates boycotted the meeting.

This brushoff did not prevent the rest of Orthodoxy from making some

notable ecumenical decisions. During a four-hour Divine Liturgy celebrated at Rhodes's Annunciation Cathedral last week, 23 metropolitans and bishops signed an agreement that one of them called "the greatest spiritual fact of our century." Ten Orthodox churches—including the ancient patriarchates of Moscow, Constantinople, Antioch, Jerusalem and Alexandria—agreed to begin a "dialogue" with Rome on the subject of Christian unity, provided that the Pope will speak with them "on equal terms." Athenagoras will supervise a new secretariat that will arrange for any formal doctrinal discussions with Rome, although no meetings are likely before the Vatican Council ends.

The seemingly easier problem of sending observers to the council turned out to be ironically difficult; reporters covering the four-day conference heard shouts of anger through the meeting-room doors. At length, Metropolitan Meliton of Heliopolis, representing Athenagoras, proposed that the decision be left to the individual churches. With support from the Russians, this resolution passed, and five Orthodox branches will join Moscow in sending men to the council—the Patriarchate of Antioch, the churches of Bulgaria, Rumania, Czechoslovakia and Cyprus.

For the moment, Athenagoras and the other patriarchs will not join them but not out of malice toward Rome. Rather than isolate Greece from its sister churches, they hope to change the mind of the Holy Synod and thus present a united Orthodox front when the day for dialogue comes around.

EVANGELISM

Steady As Before

Other churches may simmer with doubts; the Salvation Army serenely lives by its traditional view that Christianity can be spread best by self-sacrificing example, that a strictly disciplined Army is the way to do it, and that the Army should preferably be commanded (despite its worldwide growth) by a General from Great Britain. Last week its 49 territorial commissioners closed their door to all outsiders and in four ballots chose Scottish-born Frederick L. Coutts, 64, for the



ARCHBISHOP BERAN (1947)
And now a move in diplomatic chess.

The fan-jet climb: 30% faster than ordinary jets.

The American Airlines fan-jet story

Let's say your cruising altitude is to be 30,000 feet.

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This airplane has 30% more power than ordinary jets. [The fan-jet engine takes in twice as much air and gives the thrust twice as much body.]

But getting this power on your flight is something else again. There just aren't that many fan-jets around.



38 seconds after take off, ordinary jet is only this high.

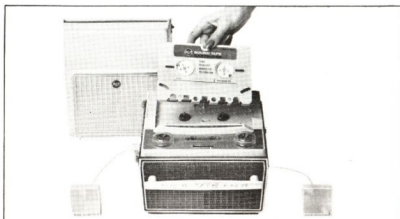


While in the same time, a fan-jet climbs this high.

For instance, while American Airlines has 64 of these airplanes [our entire Astrojet fleet], the next airline has only 23. And the next, 15.

So if you want to be sure of a fan-jet, the plane to get is an Astrojet.

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interpretation, temperament. It lives only in performance. In reporting on the arts, TIME is concerned with the performer as much as the work; in following all the news, TIME is concerned with the personalities as well as the events.

job first held by William Booth (1865-1912), later by Booth's son Bramwell and his daughter Evangeline, and most recently by General Wilfred Kitching.

As General, Coutts will have the unquestioning obedience of the Army's 26,000 commissioned officers and about 1,000,000 lads and lassies in the ranks. He is well schooled to command. His parents were Army majors, and all four of his own children have signed up to do the Lord's military service. Coutts himself entered the Army as a recruit in 1919, spent 15 years in street-corner evangelism, became one of the Army's best pamphleteers. Since 1957 he has served as territorial commander for the eastern part of Australia.

In November Coutts will be formally installed in the Army's new \$3,500,000 headquarters building on London's

ALAN CLIFTON



SALVATION ARMY'S COUTTS
And the bands will play on.

Queen Victoria Street. The new General aims "to do the job we've always done, but better and more efficiently." He has no intention of dispersing the Army's hard-puffing brass bands, or of pleasing younger officers by adopting a slightly more chic uniform: "I think the lassies never look prettier than when they're wearing their bonnets."

The brasses and the lassies may look the same, but in fact the Army is finding new ways to serve God by serving man. In many of its slum-area chapels, officers still sweeten their fundamentalist, Methodist-derived gospel preaching with soap and soup for half-listening human derelicts. But the Army is rapidly augmenting its brigades in Latin America and Africa, and there finds that the greater need is for cures and classes; today the Army operates 857 schools and 210 medical centers in 86 countries. Affluence has not by any means rendered the Army obsolete. "Even in the welfare state, some people slip through the net," the General says. "As long as there are human beings, there will be human needs that can only be handled on a person-to-person basis."



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How do you increase the length of a total eclipse?

As the sun "went out" over western Canada in the recent eclipse, a Douglas DC-8 jetliner raced the lunar shadow. It materially lengthened observation time for a group of distinguished scientists and observers who recorded various aspects of the phenomenon on their astronomical instruments.

The highly productive expedition was organized by the National Geographic Society and Douglas to provide astronomers a unique opportunity to record the eclipse from a vantage point above 85% of the earth's atmosphere and most of its water vapor. These, by distorting and absorbing some of the light rays, seriously hamper observations from the ground.

Cooperating in the endeavor, Delta Air Lines made available the very first DC-8 to enter airline service. It had already logged more than 4 million miles in Delta service and carried some 429,000 passengers.

Gyro-stabilized as a flying laboratory, it performed perfectly for more than a dozen participating teams representing governments, universities, and industrial research organizations.*

Douglas scientists conducted four major experiments to further the research programs currently under way in the company's laboratories. These involve 23 broad technological areas and are being conducted in the major Douglas divisions located in Santa Monica and Long Beach, California; Tulsa, Oklahoma, and Charlotte, North Carolina.

*Participant organizations in the eclipse flight expedition: Astrophysical Observatory of Florence (Italy) • Douglas Aircraft Company • Johns Hopkins University • Lockheed-California Company • Mount Wilson/Palomar Observatories • National Aeronautics and Space Administration • National Geographic Society • Naval Missile Center/Pacific Missile Range • Naval Ordnance Test Station • Rand Corporation • Sperry Corporation • U.S. Air Force Aerospace Research Laboratories • University of Pittsburgh/University of Paris (France)



Adolph Bernstein (left) and Employers Mutuals' Robert Jones look over sample harvest of Fin 'n Feather Farm's gourmet foods and a hearty Milk Pail dinner. The country-smoked game, bacon, hams, preserves and other delicacies will soon be gift orders, shipped all over America.



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Wausau Story

by **ADOLPH BERNSTEIN**, President
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U.S. BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS

The Price of Prosperity

While most other nations are battling inflation, the U.S. has enjoyed relatively stable prices for six years. Last week a round of price hikes in several key industries raised some doubts about how long this will continue. Youngstown Sheet & Tube tested the steel market by posting an increase of 4%, and by week's end almost all the major steel-makers had followed with boosts that covered one-third of the industry's output. At the same time, industry leader Alcoa joined in price hikes that have raised the cost of aluminum as much as 3½%, and two major plate-glass makers raised prices about 7%. Lately, prices have also risen for lead, chemicals, paper, tires and textiles. The National Association of Purchasing Agents says that there were more price rises in September than in any other month in the past two years.

A year or two ago, when the Kennedy Administration was pleading for a price hold-down, such activity might have been taken as a sure sign of the beginning of more inflation. As things stand now, most economists feel that the real danger of inflation has not arrived—yet. In the current price rises, they read a healthy confidence by businessmen that business will continue to improve and that the market will therefore stand the hikes. This is all the more remarkable because the current business expansion is now 32 months old and should, by all the textbooks, be growing weary. Though previous postwar recoveries have petered out after an average of 36 months, Washington expects that the gross national product will rise \$10 billion or so in this year's fourth quarter, to a record \$595 billion; the Bank of America forecasts a \$611 billion figure by next June.

Detroit's Fast Start. President Kennedy's chief economist, Walter Heller, predicts that business will remain strong at least through the first quarter of 1964, and much longer if there is a tax cut. Even more bullish are such other eminent economists as Harvard's John V. Lintner ("There are no weaknesses in evidence") and the Bank of America's Charles Haywood ("We're just not predicting a recession for 1964"). Businessmen are also talking expansively. Says Acme Steel President George Griffiths: "I'm very optimistic about the first six months of 1964. And if the tax reduction is put into effect, the whole year looks promising."

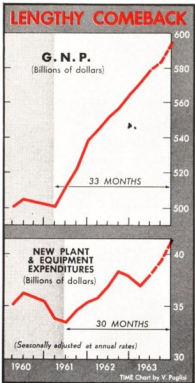
Some reasons for optimism:

- **AUTOS.** The '64 models are off to a fast start. In September's last ten days, auto sales were up 33% from the equivalent period last year, when most of the new cars were also introduced.
- **STEEL.** Buoyed by brisk orders from the automakers, production has in-

creased for six straight weeks, is just above 60% of capacity.

• **INDUSTRIAL PRODUCTION.** Though it slid almost one point in August to 125.6% of the 1957-59 average, it will show a gain for October—probably to a record—because of increasing auto and steel output.

• **PROFITS.** Government economists expect that increasing demand and rising prices will help corporate earnings after taxes to grow from an annual rate of \$26.8 billion in the second quarter to a record \$28 billion or more in the fourth quarter.



• **CAPITAL SPENDING.** Stimulated by higher profits, businessmen lately have been boosting their budgets for expansion and modernization by \$1 billion to \$2 billion a quarter. In the fourth quarter, capital spending is expected to reach a record annual rate of \$41 billion.

Washington's Big Help. Naturally, the economy also has its sore spots. Among them: a recent dip in housing starts, the continuing gold outflow, and unemployment, which rose seasonally in September from 5.5% to 5.6% of the work force. But most businessmen are not paying too much attention to such figures. They are convinced that President Kennedy will keep the economy moving during Election Year 1964. He may. But the U.S. economy still operates by the basic rules of the free marketplace—and the consumer, not the politicians, will have the last word.

RAILROADS

Red Light in Washington

Of the 23 U.S. railroads with merger applications before the Interstate Commerce Commission, none are more eager to unite than the Pennsylvania Railroad and the New York Central. The Central lost \$4.4 million and the Pennsy \$1.1 million during 1963's first half. Both badly need to strengthen their competitive positions, particularly since the rich Chesapeake & Ohio has already gained ICC approval to control the Baltimore & Ohio, and the well-run Norfolk & Western appears certain to win an O.K. to merge with the Wabash and Nickel Plate.

Last week the Kennedy Administration flashed a red signal on the Pennsy-Central plan—while giving its backing to both the C. & O. and N. & W. moves. Appearing before the ICC, Assistant Attorney General William H. Orrick Jr. surprised his listeners by attacking the Pennsy-Central proposal as a blow against "beneficial rail competition." Basing its stand on a report of a presidential advisory group on mergers, the Administration argued that the two lines should remain separate so that each may serve as a framework for future consolidations with smaller carriers. The smaller carriers would probably include the New Haven and the Boston & Maine, which are both in such a sorry state that no one wants to merge with them.

Deeply disappointed, the Pennsy's new chairman, Stuart Saunders, 54, who had taken over the line on the very day of Orrick's pronouncement, and the Central's President Alfred Perlman denounced the Administration's stand as "impractical and unrealistic." The final decision about the merger is still up to the independent ICC, but the Administration will probably be able to make its stand stick. Before year's end President Kennedy will appoint two new ICC members, thus gaining a majority of supporters on the eleven-man commission before the Pennsy-Central proposal is put to a vote.

CORPORATIONS

Caught in the Rapids

The only thing that excites Wall Street more than a big winner is a mystery man. On both counts, suave Meshulam Riklis, 39, has held the Street's fascinated gaze in recent years. An Israeli immigrant who as recently as 1951 was a teacher of Hebrew in a Minneapolis boys' school, Riklis has used his rare skill for plotting complex take-over deals to put together a new retailing empire. Through his aptly named base company, Rapid-American, Riklis controls McCrory Corp., whose 1,300 stores (McCrory, H. L. Green, National Shirt, Lerner) and 1962 sales of \$554 million rank it fourth among

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So if you'd like to find out about a specific stock, or have your portfolio appraised in light of your personal circumstances and investment objectives just come in anytime. Or if you prefer, write to us.

Our help is available to anyone who asks for it, and we make no service charge. So in this respect it *is*... "Sauce for the Goose"—and gander, too.



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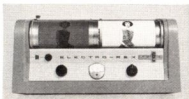
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Bohn BUSINESS MACHINES, INC.

the nation's variety chains. But Riklis has found running an empire harder than building one, and has had so many troubles recently that he greeted one setback with a heartfelt "God has added to our agonies."

Last week Riklis suffered his most agonizing setback to date. In search of quick cash, he had hit on the idea of selling McCrory's 326-branch Lerner Stores to Glen Alden Corp. for \$56 million—even though Lerner is McCrory's chief moneymaker. In order to forestall later suits and recriminations, Riklis confidently decided to let McCrory's minority stockholders (he controls 51% of the stock) determine the issue. That was his undoing. Led by Manhattan Realtor Leonard Marx, 59, the stockholders slapped Riklis by turning down the Lerner sale 3 to 1.

Too Much Reliance. A first-class mathematician who studied at Ohio State before he began teaching, Riklis

RAPID GUILLOTIN—FOURTEEN



McCRORY'S RIKLIS
God doesn't help.

became fascinated by high finance while working part time as a customers' man in Minneapolis. He grabbed at the idea of buying undervalued companies with ready cash and using the cash to buy into other companies. Backed by a small group of Minneapolis investors, he began with a few minor successes and setbacks, but in 1954 started swiftly pyramiding companies into what became Rapid-American, which then sold off some of the companies to get the cash to buy McCrory in 1960.

Inexperienced in retailing, Riklis relied too much on managers, who often did not report danger spots until the situations had already deteriorated. In his rush to expand, he failed to consolidate his acquisitions into integrated operations. He based his business plans on overly optimistic sales and profits projections; when they failed to come true,



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September 14, 1965

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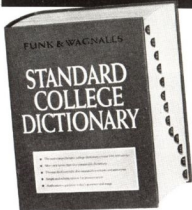
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FUNK & WAGNALLS

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his whole empire was left precariously overextended. McCrory last year earned a bare \$3,800,000; Rapid-American lost \$7,000,000 for the year ended in January, another \$3,011,511 for the six months in July.

Honey Parables. Riklis is the target of more than a dozen suits by shareholders, who charge that McCrory funds were misused when the firm bought its own stock and retired it to make it easier for Rapid-American to gain 51% control. A former trustee of the McCrory employees' pension fund has sworn in court that Riklis used pension funds to support the price of Rapid-American stock. Riklis' setback on the Lerner deal also makes him vulnerable to further demands by Marx, who insists that Riklis put minority shareholders on the McCrory board and "stop treating McCrory like his private hunting ground."

Rapid-American's boss is still a crafty operator who dazzles potential investors with complicated "chalk talks" in which he sketches his financial plans on a blackboard. He often puts off opponents during negotiations by conferring with his associates in Hebrew, likes to voice homey parables. He lives with his wife and three children in a lavish home on Long Island, where his special joys are a pump-powered waterfall and a library that contains more electronic gear than books. Despite the Lerner setback, Riklis last week hoped to raise some money by contracting to sell off one of Rapid-American's divisions for \$4,300,000. But Meshulam Riklis is painfully learning that what comes rapidly can also rapidly go.

AUTOS

Chrysler's Spanish Accent

Under its aggressive young president, Lynn Townsend, 44, resurgent Chrysler Corp. is not only trying to catch up with Ford and General Motors in the U.S. but also to match their overseas holdings. Chrysler has 16 plants overseas, and earlier this year acquired control of Simca, France's fourth largest automaker. Last week Townsend outmaneuvered both Ford and General Motors to become the first U.S. automaker to win a foothold in Spain.

Both G.M. and Ford have been negotiating with the Spanish government, but failed to reach an agreement because of a new government regulation requiring unrealistically high auto output. Taking another tack, Townsend paid \$17 million for a 35% interest in Madrid's thriving Barreiros Diesel S.A., Spain's biggest privately owned truck and enginemaker, which is not bound by the new decree. Aided by Chrysler know-how and money, President Eduardo Barreiros, 43 (TIME, April 12), will build a new plant, intends to produce 15,000 Dodge Darts the first year. Another attractive angle for Chrysler: autos made in Spain can more easily enter such markets as Latin America.

PERSONALITIES

MANY executives like to boast that they spend up to 90 hours a week in their offices, but not George E. Keck, 51, the new president of United Air Lines. "I work hard," says Keck, "but I also believe in relaxing when there's time to relax." There may be less time from now on. Though peppery Pat Patterson will still pilot United from his new post as chairman, broad-shouldered, cigar-chewing George Keck will keep his eye for detail on all operations, travel at least 100,000 miles a year. Trained in operations and maintenance, Keck believes in as much personal contact as possible with the line's 32,000 employees. He is considered the heir to Patterson, whose association with the line, says one United official, "will end on the day he is buried." Keck is a golfer and a devoted gardener who also delights in socializing with his family. One of his two daughters, Leslie, 23, is a stewardess for, of all things, competing Delta Air Lines.



KECK



JARMAN

FOR a man who for years has worn a new pair of shoes every week, Walton Maxey Jarman, 59, is a surprisingly shrewd and careful shopper. As the chairman of a half-billion dollar manufacturing and retailing giant, Genesco, Inc. of Nashville, Tenn., he does most of his shopping for companies—and has bought up 46 of them since 1938. Last week, after a three-month battle, Jarman added another company to his shopping bag: for \$27 million, he bought control of S. H. Kress & Co., a national chain of 342 variety stores. Genesco, which started as a shoe company and already has 1,500 outlets (including Manhattan's Bonwit Teller), nowadays is as flamboyant as its boss is unpretentious. A devout Baptist deacon, Jarman neither smokes, drinks nor cusses, often begins stockholders meetings with a prayer. He is noted for working his employees hard—and why not? How else will they ever acquire the 30 pairs of shoes that Maxey decrees every well-dressed man should have?



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Every jet airline flying to Europe offers the new 21-day excursion fare this Fall. It's a bargain, saves you up to \$149.70 over regular fare. But before you put your money down, consider: will you go just where everyone else is going? London, Paris, Rome? All very nice, of course. But there's more to Europe than three cities.

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WORLD BUSINESS

MONEY

When the Dollars Come Home

The world's international monetary system, basically unchanged since the historic Bretton Woods Conference of 1944, is about to be probed and prodded for signs that it may need some repairs. At the week-long annual meeting of the International Monetary Fund in Washington last week, 800 of the world's leading financiers—including 75 finance ministers and 75 central bank chiefs—agreed to re-examine the mechanism through which most of the free world's trade and commerce operate. Both the staff of the IMF, under new Chairman Pierre-Paul Schweitzer, and a separate committee from ten wealthy nations will begin weighing proposed

a bothersome payments deficit simply because it exports so much money in foreign aid, in investments and in loans to foreign nations that do not have large capital markets. French Finance Minister Valéry Giscard d'Estaing announced at the meeting that France is growing uneasy about holding so many dollars as a result of the U.S. deficit. On the other hand, British Chancellor of the Exchequer Reginald Maudling, a pioneer in asking for monetary reform, pointed out that those exported dollars have provided the free world with much of what bankers call liquidity—the convertible money and available credit that support trade. He warned that this liquidity may dry up when the U.S. closes its payments gap—and Treasury Secretary Douglas Dillon gave point to his

FISHING

War at Sea

In the midst of all its other problems—from the tax cut to civil rights—the Senate of the U.S. last week found time to take up two bills that are essentially wartime measures. Wartime, that is, for the U.S. fishing industry. Across the world's oceans in recent months, dozens of fishing nations have battled in a series of "fish wars"—usually nonviolent but sometimes under gunpoint—that have important economic and political consequences for the nations involved (see color pages). As one of the participants, the \$381 million U.S. fishing industry has turned to the Government for the help that most of the world's other fishing fleets already receive.

Spurred by the presence of Russian trawlers that have invaded traditional U.S. fishing areas off the Northeast coast, the Senate passed a bill empowering the Administration to penalize foreign fishing vessels that venture into U.S. territorial waters, and extending U.S. jurisdiction to include the waters of the continental shelf. The next day the Senate approved a bill granting a 55% Government construction subsidy for the U.S. fleet, which is woefully antiquated in comparison with the fleets of other major fishing nations. The U.S. industry, warned Senator Warren G. Magnuson, "is caught in a cold and losing war with Soviet Russia, Japan and other foreign nations."

Antitank Guns. Moving onto Georges Bank off Cape Cod and the Grand Banks off Newfoundland, proliferating Russian trawlers snag American nets, ram smaller boats in the fog and often force fishermen right off the banks; in Alaska, fishermen recently became so furious about Russian trawlers pulling their crab pots that they began ordering antitank guns to mount on their decks, were dissuaded only by a flying visit from Alaska Governor William A. Egan. Texas shrimpers have to deal with Mexican gunboats that wait to pounce on them over western Gulf of Mexico shrimp beds; and San Diego tuna men are still bitter about last spring's capture of two of their boats by Ecuador, which assessed \$26,000 in fines.

U.S. fishermen are not the only ones whose tempers have been rubbed as raw as a seaman's salt-sanded hands. The Brazilians and the French have vied with gunboats over Brittany lobster boats working in traditional Brazilian fishing waters. Icelandic gunboats chased British trawlers from Iceland's cod grounds, and the Danes are shooting them away from the Faeroe Islands. Norway is chasing Swedish fishermen from grounds that the Swedes have fished for hundreds of years. Japanese boats are barred from South Korea,



SCHWEITZER & DILLON (LEFT) AT POST-PARLEY COCKTAIL PARTY

Some did not appreciate the problems of liquidity.

reforms, be ready to report their recommendations to next year's IMF meeting in Tokyo.

Too Inflexible? The two studies could mark the beginning of an important reform of the monetary system—or they could produce nothing at all. Critics point out that most of the ten nations have already come out against any real changes, and that the IMF has said that it likes things the way they are. Nonetheless, the very launching of the studies is a concession to the concern of many experts that the monetary system has become too inflexible for a changing world—and should force the monetary men either to recommend changes or spell out why they are unnecessary. The U.S. Treasury, which last year opposed such a study, has been pressured by the Administration into backing this one: Treasury Under Secretary Robert Roosa is, in fact, the chairman of the ten-nation group.

The U.S. has no desire to change the system for its own selfish ends, but it is a fact that it has long suffered from

warning by announcing that the U.S. had cut its heavy deficit in the third quarter, and hoped to wipe it out within two years.

Irritated Ministers. Aware of what dollars fleeing homeward could do to world trade, the two study groups are sure to consider ways to: 1) increase international credit and convertible cash; 2) increase the reserves and powers of the IMF; 3) expand the free capital markets outside the U.S. The studies are bound to cause a stir among the world's money managers. They have already irritated finance ministers from the underdeveloped nations, who are interested in more aid from the ten nations that control 80% of the world's gold and currency reserves rather than in academic talk of liquidity. But the World Bank, at least, had some news that they could appreciate. For the first time, said President George Woods, the bank is planning to make longer-term loans to the underdeveloped nations, and will be more liberal in judging what purposes the loans can be used for.



JAPANESE FISHERMEN load deck of *Dai-go Azuma Maru* with bonito during ten-day, 600-mile trip out into Pacific. In winter, ship

will sail south for six months searching out tuna. Tiny Japan, with 96 million people to feed, has become top fishing nation in world.

T. TANAKA



WALTER D. OSBORNE

J. EILEE LANGLEY



KING CRABS, found in chilly Alaskan waters, have become profitable U.S. catch. Above, fisherman holds a king-size king; at right, big potful of crabs is carefully hoisted aboard.

TUNA fill nylon purse seine net of modern U.S. fishing boat off West Coast. Tuna will be transferred below and frozen into solid packs until boat reaches destination.



HADDOCK AND COD, neatly bagged in net that rolls along ocean bottom, will be auctioned off at Boston's fresh-

fish market. Rich North Atlantic fishing grounds are shared by fleets from thirteen nations, including the Soviet Union.

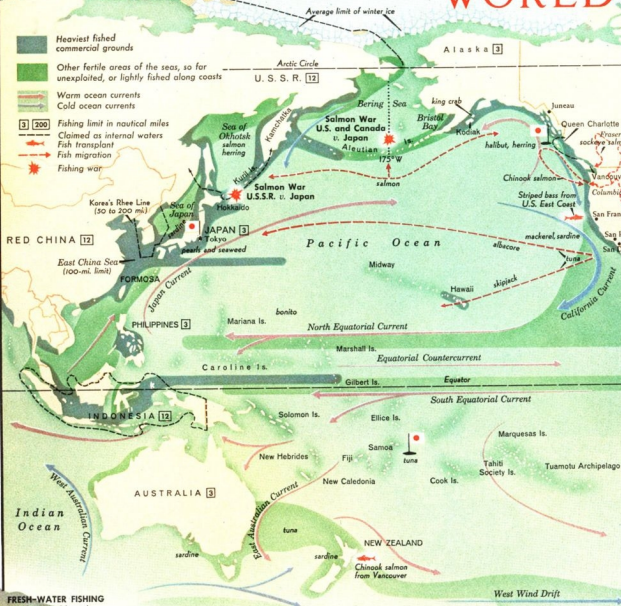


SHRIMP spill from net after a night's fishing in Gulf of Mexico. Texas fleet operates as far south as Yucatan.

WORLD

- Heaviest fished commercial grounds
- Other fertile areas of the seas, so far unexploited, or lightly fished along coasts
- Warm ocean currents
- Cold ocean currents

- 3 200 Fishing limit in nautical miles
- Claimed as internal waters
- Fish transplant
- Fish migration
- Fishing war



FRESH-WATER FISHING
9% of world catch

Fresh-water spawners

salmon, shad

CLAM RAKE

OYSTER TONGS

LOBSTER TRAP

BUOYED LINES
cod, halibut, etc.

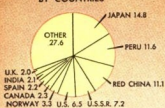
DRIFT NET

Up to three miles of net is hung across incoming or outgoing tide. Schools of herring and mackerel, trying to pass through net, entangle their gill covers in the mesh, trapping them.

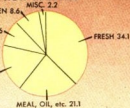
WORLD CATCH

90.7 billion pounds of fish, crustaceans, mollusks, etc.

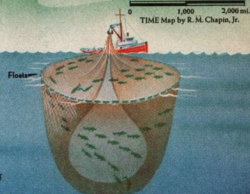
BY COUNTRIES



HOW MARKETING



FISHERIES



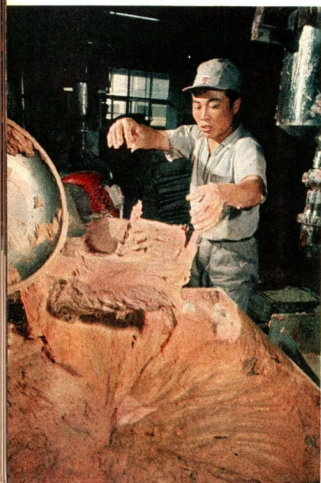
BOB BRANT



SHRIMP PACKERS at Brownsville, Texas, use assembly-line method to wash, grade, box and freeze large quantities

of fresh-caught shrimp for shipment throughout country. The U.S. shrimp industry grossed \$73 million last year.

T. TANIGUCHI



TUNA HOT DOGS, a favorite Japanese staple, cost far less than meat sausages, yet taste much the same. U.S. equivalents are known to students at Catholic schools as "Friday franks." Here at Tokyo Bay cannery, worker tosses fish chunks into boiling pot (left); then mixture runs through pipes into sausage covers (above).



ALASKA SALMON head down conveyor belt at Excursion Inlet Packing Co. to be canned and cooked. Fish must reach

the cannery 36 hours after being caught. U.S. salmon fisherman may earn from \$5,000 to \$10,000 during a good season.



COOKED KING CRAB gets final inspection at this Kodiak Island, Alaska, factory before freezing.





NEW U.S. TUNA BOAT, \$1,000,000 *Caribbean*, out of Puerto Rico, operates in South Atlantic and off Chile. Modern equipment includes radar and helicopter deck.

J. B. EYERMAN

WELL-EQUIPPED RUSSIAN TRAWLERS fish off Cape Cod for herring and whiting, haul catch aboard via stern ramp. Soviet fleet in area numbers about 150 boats.

LAURENCE LOWRY



badgered by the Russians in the North Pacific. Irish corvettes have scattered Dutchmen and Belgians from Ireland's herring grounds, and Canada last year ordered a Russian fleet out of the Bay of Fundy. Even the conference table can become chilly; last week in Tokyo, Japanese, U.S. and Canadian delegates labored through the fifth week of a conference stalemated by a U.S.-Canadian refusal to let Japanese fishermen fish for trout, halibut and salmon east of the 175th longitude.

Cannon Law. Behind most of the fish wars is a confusing juridical problem that three international conferences since 1930 have failed to solve. Since 1703, when they based original measurements on 18th century naval cannon ranges, major nations generally have established their territorial limits at three miles offshore. But fishing limits are something else, and more and more nations are pushing their boundaries beyond three miles—Mexico nine miles, Canada to twelve, and such nations as Chile, Peru and Ecuador to an imperious 200 miles offshore. Many nations have settled on a twelve-mile limit, but the U.S. up to now has refused to recognize any jurisdiction beyond the traditional three-mile limit.

International feuding has flared because the oceans, from which primeval life came, have become more and more an important source of food for a world faced with the prospect of overpopulation. Since the beginning of the century, the fishing yield of the world has increased tenfold, from 4,400,000 tons to 45 million tons; by 1970, the catch is expected to equal 61 million tons. More than 200 countries send fishing boats to sea to help feed their populations, and 48 of these countries account for the great bulk of the world's fish catch, amounting to more than \$3 billion worth a year. There are 4,967,000 commercial fishermen at work, and in the U.S. alone well over half a million people are employed in fishing and related fields—cleaning, canning, packing, distributing. But fishing ranks far, far down on the list of U.S. industries; in 30 years, meat-eating Americans have kept their consumption of fish unchanged at short of eleven pounds per person.

Just as bread or meat is the staff of life for many nations, for others fish is the very stuff that life is made of. Fishing plays a vital role in the economies of dozens of nations, such as Japan, Ecuador, Peru, Canada and Norway. For many food-short nations, the "panic for protein" to feed their people leads only to the sea, which now contributes a meager 12% of the supply of animal protein consumed by the human race. Throughout the world, the fishing industry not only supports thousands of fishermen—who lead probably the roughest and most ill-paid lives of any workers—but countless satellite industries. From Madagascar to Greenland, the catch of the sea, ranging from the lordly tuna through the pedestrian cod

and herring to the rarer but often treasured whale and shark, is industriously smoked, fried, salted, baked, dried, roasted, stewed, pickled, casserole or even eaten half-rotten (as in Iceland) or quite raw (as in Japan).

Reshuffled Ranks. Despite this, only about 15% of the world's edible fish stock is being fully exploited. The trouble is that the exploitation has taken place in the known and favored areas, mostly within 100 miles of land, where a concentration of effort has often led to a depletion of valuable fish. The Russians off Cape Cod, for example, are out for herring rather than the hake, haddock and cod that most American fishermen are after—but the other spe-

fishing with such sophisticated electronic devices as Fathometers and radar, sonar and loran.

U.S. tuna men have changed their ways—and increased catches—by using giant purse seine nets instead of old-fashioned baited hooks. The Japanese have pioneered in a new and promising field called pelagic—or oceanic—fishing. Almost all fishing is now carried out at the surface or on the bottoms of the continental shelves that jut from the world's mainlands. By experimenting with trawling at mid-water reaches, and gauging depths by telemetry and echo soundings, Japan and such other nations as Iceland are opening up a whole new field of mid-ocean fishing.

The changes in technique have already reshuffled rankings among fishing nations. Before World War II, the U.S. was second, behind Japan. The Japanese, who consume five times as much fish per person as Americans, still lead everyone. But Japan is followed by Peru, which has forged an incredible industry (7,000,000 tons last year) almost totally out of the anchovies that are borne up the Peruvian coast on water currents, and Red China and Russia are now third and fourth. The U.S. has sagged to fifth place by allowing its fishing fleet to atrophy—even though it imports more fish than any other nation in the world.

Factories at Sea. Armed with modern methods, the fleets of the world's major fishing powers roam far from their homelands in search of a good catch. The Russians and the Japanese have perfected deep-freeze factories right on board ship that enable them to stay at sea for up to six months. The Russians lead in oceanographic studies that help them find good fishing grounds, and have perhaps the world's most modern fishing fleet. They fish in fleets shepherded by 15,000-ton mother ships that carry helicopters to spot fish schools and frogmen to untangle nets; occasionally, the Russians even use submarines to lead their trawlers to happy hunting grounds.

The future of fishing is even more exotic, to judge by the U.N. fishing congress held recently in London. Japan is trying out salt-pond "farms" on the Inland Sea, where yellowtail and sea bream are raised and dumped into the adjacent sea when grown. England is farming place somewhat in the manner that trout rivers are restocked. The 600 delegates from 50 fishing nations at the congress also saw the coming use of underwater television, fish hunts by submarine, fish herding by means of electric fences or bubble barriers, unattended sonic devices that could float like logs and signal the approach of schools—and even fish mating calls simulated by scientists as potent lures. Some day, as countries turn more and more to the sea to feed their growing population, the hunters may all become scientists, and the ancient sea may finally be persuaded to yield a harvest.



SERVING FISH AT MANHATTAN'S MEDITERRANEE
Out of a vast wilderness.

cies tend to disappear after the herring, their natural food, becomes scarce. Industrial pollution in such nations as Japan and the U.S. has tended to drive the fish farther from shore and to make worse the lot of the smaller inshore fisherman.

Scientists like to talk of the sea's "harvest," but the sea is a vast wilderness, and fishing is essentially a hunt for an unstable and unpredictable commodity. Despite its importance to so many nations, fishing is still one of the world's most backward industries, estimated to be about at the stage that agriculture was a thousand years ago. To fisherman and scientist alike, the 139 million square miles of ocean are still mostly a mystery—but the mystery at last is being approached in a more scientific way. Today's fishing boats have doubled in size, and they are built so that they can haul their nets over the stern instead of hoisting them alongside in the laborious old "otter" process that tired crews, reduced fishing time and endangered fishermen in heavy weather. They are routinely equipped for better

IRELAND

Emigrating to America

Irish whisky was in the air last week as a Manhattan department store kicked off a merchandising maneuver that had all the government brass and economic implications of a trade treaty. Ireland's Minister for Industry and Commerce John Lynch was on hand, and so were officials from the Irish Export Board. Ambassadors, industrialists and such shamrock-struck Americans as James A. Farley milled through a series of receptions, dinners, cocktail parties and pretty speeches. It was hard to believe that crass commercial enterprise was involved. But it was—to an extent that could nudge Ireland into the forefront of fashion and vastly help its already expanding economy (TIME, July 12).

It all began when Lord & Taylor President Melvin E. Dawley made a three-hour visit to Ireland last year and was, as he put it, "bewitched." Dawley decided on the spot that he wanted "more than anything in the world to bring Ireland—the beautiful, inspired, elegant, romantic Ireland—to America." Lord & Taylor sent out two advance scouts with cameras and expense accounts to see what the Emerald Isle had to offer. Wave after wave followed—two vice presidents, two merchandise managers, 26 buyers, display men, art directors, photographers, fashion editors. Eleven months, 48 transatlantic crossings, and more than \$1,000,000 later, Lord & Taylor has assembled enough Eireana to stun St. Patrick.

Most important of all are the fabrics: tweeds and wools in soft, imaginative blends of pink, red, orange—most of them made up to U.S. specifications

in cleanly styled suits and sportswear by Irish Designers Sybil Connolly, Kay Peterson, Sheila Mullally, Clodagh, Jack Clarke and Donald Davies. The rarest cloth in the lot is the 55 yards of tweed from the black sheep of Lord Dunraven of Adare (more will have to wait for next year's shearing). There are also brilliantly beautiful Donegal rugs and carpets in hand-knotted modern and traditional designs, chandeliers of Waterford glass, and 40 paintings by contemporary Irish painters. There is a profusion of Irish linen, of course, and Georgian antiques and contemporary pottery. The store has even inspired the Irish to turn out a stunning new line of children's clothes.

The title of Lord & Taylor's promotion is "The Pride of Ireland." If this vanguard of Irish products catches on in the U.S.—where Ireland already sends a respectable but unambitious amount of her exports—there is no telling where it all may end.

FRANCE

The Schneider Affair

France relishes an *affaire*, be it of politics, passion or business. Last week both the Left Bank and the right banks puzzled over *L'Affaire Schneider*, which involves a battle for the control of an old and powerful iron and steel empire. Leading roles in the drama have been played by a former film beauty, a duchess and a Belgian nobleman.

The prize is Schneider & Cie., whose sales of \$512 million last year came from its dominance of 40 companies with interests in mining, manufacturing, banking and real estate throughout Europe, Latin America, Canada and Australia. The leading figure in this family company is Liliane Schneider, who at 61 is tall, erect, smooth-skinned and almost as handsome as when she starred in such French film concoctions of the 1920s as *The She-Goat* with *Golden Feet*. Liliane married Heir Charles Schneider in 1931, started working at his side in 1942 and succeeded him as co-manager of Schneider after his death in 1960.

Selling Arms. In one of those intramural feuds common to European family-controlled industries, relations between the former actress and her prideful mother-in-law and her sister-in-law, the Duchess of Brissac, had been strained for a decade. Last June the two stunned Liliane by quietly selling their Schneider shares (about 8% of the total) to a Belgian group led by Baron Edouard Empain, 49, head of Belgium's big Electrabel holding company. The baron, whose family helped exploit the Congo for Belgium and promoted the Paris Métro system, is a grand-scale investor and industrialist with holdings in utilities, chemicals and electrical equipment. Last year he bought 20% of Mexico's César Balsa hotel-and-construction group, whose

properties include Manhattan's St. Regis Hotel. Already the baron has bought up 20% of Schneider's stock. But Liliane vows to keep Schneider management French; she has about 5% of the stock, and has been appointed to life-time tenure as manager. Says she: "The direction of Schneider has always been French. Now I consider myself working for the French state."

The company has been under the Schneiders since 1836, when brothers Eugène and Adolphe Schneider started making locomotives and munitions



EMPAIN



LILIANE

Kicking out is clumsy.

south of the Burgundy wine district at Le Creusot. Under Liliane's elegant and cynical father-in-law, the late Charles Prosper Eugène Schneider, the company shipped arms to most of the world's warring nations. It bought iron mines, foundries and shipyards, and won control of more than 200 arms plants outside France, including Czechoslovakia's Skoda, which it sold to Czech interests just before the Nazis occupied all Czechoslovakia. The French government nationalized Schneider's French arms plants in 1937.

Linking Arms. The French government, wary of letting foreigners get control of any more big French companies, still takes quite an interest in Schneider. Aides of Charles de Gaulle were particularly upset by rumors that if Baron Empain wins, he intends to sell Schneider to U.S. interests (the baron vigorously denies it). With discreet government encouragement, a group of big French banks have plotted to counter Empain. One already discussed strategy: in a complex deal, the banks would buy Schneider's 46% holdings in L'Union Européenne bank and arrange a merger between Schneider and L'Union Européenne. The result would dilute Empain's holdings in Schneider, and Liliane could count on the big banking group's support. Confident Liliane has so far not felt the need to call upon this rescue operation.

In his marble-columned, tapestried office on Paris' Place de Rio de Janeiro, Baron Empain protests that he does not want to swallow Schneider, but simply to link some of the branches of his empire with some of Schneider's for the sake of efficiency. He has also denied any unchivalrous intention of displacing Liliane. Says he: "Kicking everybody out—I never do that. That's always clumsy in France."



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MILESTONES

Born. To Frankie Avalon, 23, aging teen warbler, and Kay Deibel Avalon, 25, former dental technician: their first child, a son; in Los Angeles.

Died. Valdimir Orlando Key Jr., 55, Texas-born Harvard history professor and political scientist, author of *Politics, Parties and Pressure Groups*, widely read study of U.S. voting by racial and economic blocs, and *Southern Politics in State and Nation*, a definitive analysis of the South's one-party form of government; of a heart ailment; in Brookline, Mass.

Died. Marshal Pavel Fedorovich Zhigarev, 63, onetime (1949-57) chief of the Soviet Air Force, later (1957-59) boss of Aeroflot, the civil airline, a bomber pilot chosen by Stalin to develop a Red version of SAC in case the missiles went pffft, later picked by Khrushchev to make Aeroflot, world's biggest carrier, a Soviet showcase with monster TU-114 airliners, which turned out to be uneconomical passenger editions of the Bear bomber; somewhere in the Soviet Union.

Died. Rosa Raisa, 70, Russian-born U.S. soprano who created the role of *Turandot* when Puccini's opera premiered at La Scala, reigned as a top American diva throughout the 1920s, when, backed by Utility King Samuel Insull and directed by Mary Garden, the Chicago Opera enjoyed international esteem; after a long illness; in Los Angeles.

Died. Harry Amos Bullis, 71, long-time president and chairman (1943-59) of Minneapolis' General Mills, Inc., the nation's largest flour miller (\$524 million in sales), who joined the company as a mill hand in 1919, caught the eye of Founder James Ford Bell and became his chief lieutenant, helping expand breakfast foods (Wheaties, Cheerios), push on into convenience foods (Betty Crocker cake mixes) and half a dozen other businesses from chemicals to electronics; of Hodgkin's disease; in Minneapolis.

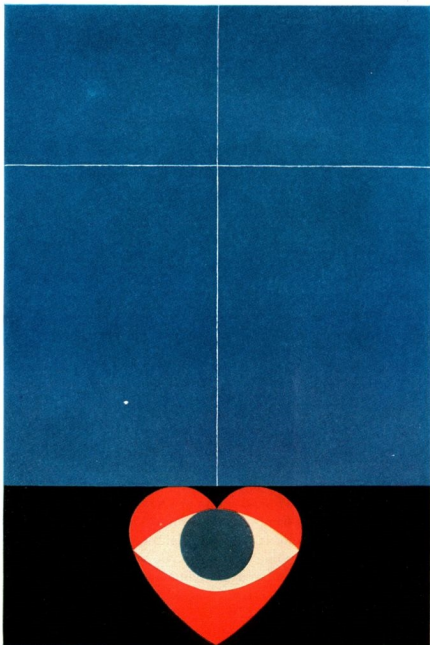
Died. Sir Frederic Collins Hooper, 71, managing director since 1948 of Britain's Schweppes Ltd. (quinine water, Bitter Lemon), a bubbly Londoner who left a successful chain store business to put some fizz in the 169-year-old mixer maker, quintupled Schweppes' output and profit with snob appeal advertising featuring Commander Whitehead among the Yanks and veddy British "Schweppigrams" at home; of a probable heart attack; in London.

* Tennis fans, please tell me
One thing I want to know
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Will he grow?

The great and glorious
masterpiece of man is to
live to the point.

All other things—to reign,
to hoard, to build—are, at
most, but inconsiderable
props and appendages.

Michel de Montaigne, *Essays*, 1588



artist: john massey

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You'll find it smooth, and satisfying.

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Johnnie Walker Red—just smooth, very smooth

CINEMA

A Love Song

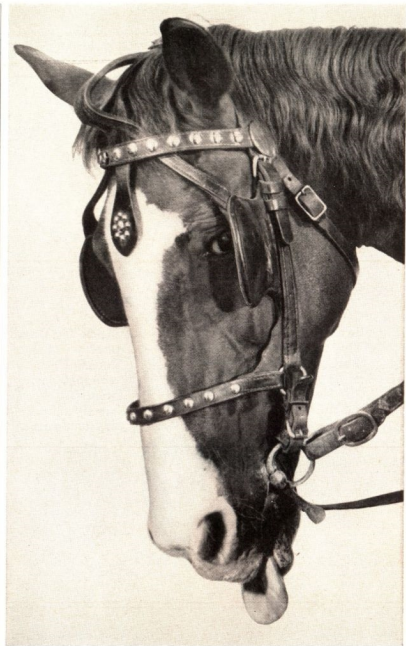
My Life to Live. Jean-Luc Godard is the wild man of the new French cinema. After *Breathless*, the volcanic melodrama that inaugurated his career way back in 1960, he made two movies that even his friends admit are terrible. Then last year he suddenly settled down and made this brilliant film. *My Life* is a *tour de style* almost as startling as *Breathless* but more subtly accomplished, more purely felt. It is also a lyric poem in which the camera assiduously adores a beautiful woman. It is finally the tragic allegory of a soul whose pilgrimage to grace goes spiraling ecstatically down the drain.

The soul of the allegory belongs to a pretty but apparently quite ordinary young Parisienne (played by Anna Karina, in private life the director's wife) who all at once experiences an intense compulsion to be or to become "somebody special." She abandons her young husband and their baby and takes a job as a salesgirl. Careless with money, she falls behind in her rent. Locked out of her flat, she spends one night with one young man, another with another. After a while, sick of being broke, she accepts some francs for her franchise. The money is nice to have, but she gets more than money out of the experience. She gets a feeling of independence, a feeling that she has made a free choice and is responsible for her whole life. For the first time she feels she is an individual, somebody special. She finds something much like salvation in prostitution, and at the climax the harlot meets something like a martyr's death.

No doubt the paradox is pressed too far. Godard does not seriously mean to say that every little phryne is a saint



KARINA IN "MY LIFE"
A saint with eyeshadow?



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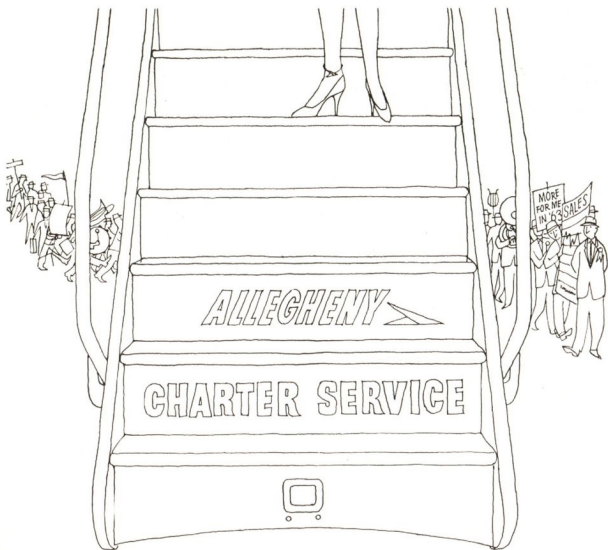
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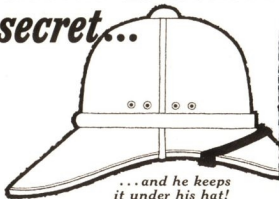
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with eyeshadow. He simply means to say, and he says it eloquently, that the pursuit of pleasure may also be a search for the self. The theme is illustrated with utmost art in the portrait of the heroine. Not since Stiller's camera turned to stare at Garbo has a man made such searing love with a lens. Godard's camera never lets the girl out of its sight. It circles her endlessly, kisses her hands, caresses her shoulders, brushes her lips and her hair, turns all at once to feed deep, deep upon her peerless eyes.

My Life, however, is more than an allegory, more than an amorous album. It is an inspired attempt to enlarge and liberate the language of film. Godard tries more cinematic tricks than most moviemakers risk in an entire career, and almost all of them come off. To make a shock scene jump and jitter, he boldly yanks occasional frames out of the sequence. To emphasize an idea, he brutally amputates an episode in mid-speech and lets a phrase fall through the mind like a severed hand. To retard a rhythm or invite a second thought, he serves up a fade so slow it seems like a memory. To enrich his theme and variegate his texture, he abruptly interjects a two-minute "quote" from another movie and later for the same reasons rabbits in some paragraphs of Edgar Allan Poe. To check and jumble the flow of the story, he chops it into twelve curt chapters, each labeled like a folder in a file.

The total effect? A string of subtle, acute, spontaneous, graceful, ironic skits. A tragedy in the form of a revue.

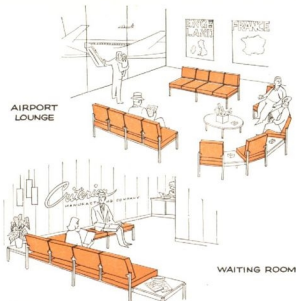
The Insurance Man Cometh

The Running Man. The funeral service is over. The pretty young widow (Lee Remick) stares at her desolate parlor. All at once she buries her face in her hands and gives way to gentle sobs. The last of the mourners leaves. As the door slams, she lifts her face out of her hands, and the audience sees that the pretty young widow is not sobbing at all—she is laughing!

She is laughing because her husband (Laurence Harvey) is not dead. He pops in the front door, hangs a big fat buss on her happy face, tells her to come collect him as soon as she collects the insurance money, pops out the front door, hops a plane to Spain. Three months later, she hops one too. They meet in Málaga, two gay young things who propose to live happily ever after on their ill-got gains. After all, he reassures her, they haven't really committed a crime; they have simply enforced their rightful claim upon an insurance company that legally but shabbily evaded payment when the husband's plane crashed. But it won't wash. The heroine feels secretly guilty, and the hero is strangely changed by the experience of crime and the temptations of affluence.

One day, inevitably, he looks across the bubbles and sees—yikes, it's an agent (Alan Bates) from the insurance company! Is the agent merely what he

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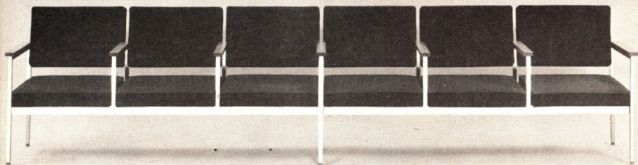


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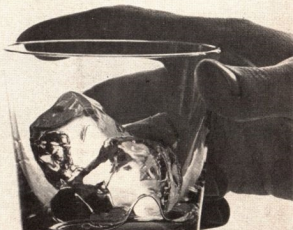
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We asked Maria Bergson, noted interior designer, to prepare the sketches above showing various distinctive arrangements that can be accomplished with Scope-H furniture. We hope that one of these sketches will spark an idea for your use of Scope-H.



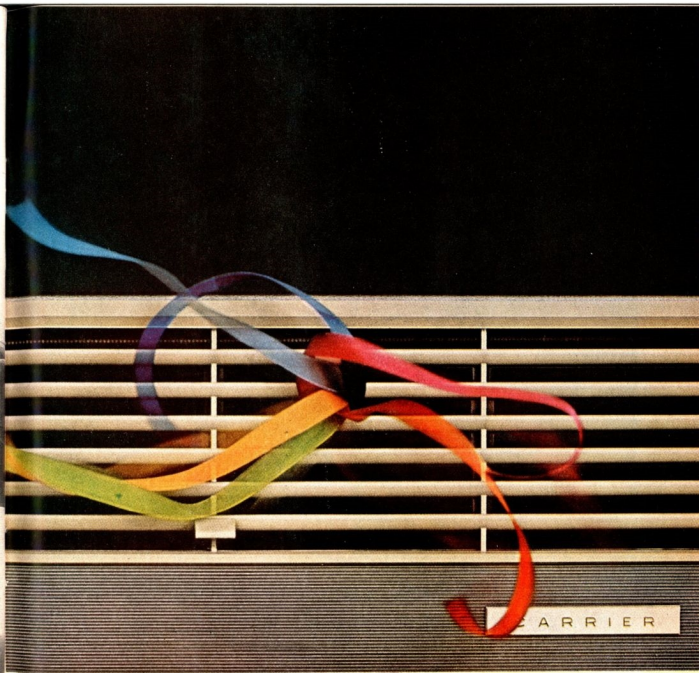
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the personal watchfulness of the Teacher family. They carefully supervise the making of Teacher's, and insist that it be *bottled only in Scotland*. (This is not the case with all Scotch whiskies.) Read it on our label. Taste it in our Whisky. The flavour is unmistakable.



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REMICK & HARVEY IN "MAN"
A game for two?

says he is: a man on vacation? Or is he really playing cat-and-mouse with the culprits? If so, the hero decides grimly, two can play at a game. So can three, and Director Carol Reed (*The Third Man*) is pretty hard to beat. The tension builds nicely, the shocks come pat when they're supposed to, and the last reel combines irony, scenery and the internal-combustion engine in a get-away with get up and get.

Irwin Strikes Back

In the French Style. Year after year, Irwin Shaw wept bitterly in his champagne. The cinemogulps gave him heaps of dough to write movie scripts (*Act of Love*, *The Big Gamble*), but a man cannot live by bread alone. As an artist, Irwin earnestly and frequently explained to the press, he was hurt by what happened to his scripts after he turned them in. Words were changed. Sometimes whole scenes were struck out by some thick-fingered fur salesman who had never read anything more difficult than a ledger. Sizzling from Hollywood's ignominies (and loaded with Hollywood's gold), Scriptwriter Shaw last year at last devised a stratagem to baffle the barbarians. He wrote a picture and then produced it himself—at a cost of about a million. This is it and he loves it. "For the first time," he says proudly, "I have a feeling that a movie is mine."

Well, he can have it. For one thing, his script urgently requires the attention of that fur salesman. For another, it tells a story that has been told, and told more excitingly, a hundred times before: the story of the innocent young American girl who goes to wicked old Paris and soon loses her illusions and everything. Jean Seberg as usual (*Breathless*, *Playtime*) plays the American in Paris, and as usual she wins the customer's sympathy—she tries so hard.

So does Irwin, and he can really use some sympathy. If this picture does as well as it deserves to, he may soon be weeping bitterly in his beer.

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BOOKS

The Case of Jean Genet

SAINT GENET by Jean-Paul Sartre
625 pages. Braziller, \$8.50.

OUR LADY OF THE FLOWERS by Jean Genet. 318 pages. Grove, \$6.50.

"Jean Genet is an artist," proclaimed the President of the French Republic in 1948, pardoning him from a life sentence for repeated burglaries. "Jean Genet is a criminal and a pornographer," shrielled all the proper *Parisiens*, promptly seeing to it that even in Paris Genet's writings for years could be sold only under the counter. "Jean Genet is a saint," declares Jean-Paul

JEAN MARGUIS



SARTRE

Sartre, high priest of French existentialism. "I am a pederast. I am a thief," says Jean Genet.

Is everyone right? Is anyone? More than a decade ago, when these questions caused a thunderous café clash on the Left Bank, they seemed unlikely ever to cross the waters to trouble puritanical American ears. But times change. That hoary pornographic classic, Fanny Hill, sits cheek by drool with *The Joy of Cooking* in the local bookstore. Of all long-forbidden literary fruits, Jean Genet was always the darkest and most dangerous. U.S. audiences have already been teased by exposure to a pair of Genet plays. And now for the first time, U.S. readers are to be plunged into unadulterated Genet prose in the form of his first novel. Appearing almost simultaneously is Sartre's 625-page preface to Genet's collected works, in which, among other things, Sartre correctly describes Genet's book as "an epic of masturbation."

Unholy Trinity. In an age increasingly forced to distinguish between scatology, pornography and the legitimate study of evil, the story of Genet's progress to literary prominence exerts a monstrous fascination. For Genet is a matchless, unholy trinity of all three.

Beside him, Henry Miller is but a cheerfully smutty college sophomore, Sade a dilettant aristocrat of eccentric habits, Gide a genteel old lady sedately cultivating nightshade in her little kitchen garden.

Pieced together by Sartre, Genet's life at first appears to be just one more example of a child gone wrong. Abandoned by his mother and taken into public charge at birth in 1910, he innocently filched small articles in the home of his peasant foster parents, who kept him for the fee paid them by the state. When he was ten years old, they turned on him and publicly branded him a thief. From there on until 1948, he was in and out of prison. Wandering Europe, he became by turns a dope smuggler, a beggar, a Foreign Legionnaire



SCENE FROM "THE BLACKS"

Out of willed evil, the perfect existentialist hero.

(he took the enlistment bonus and deserted) and a male prostitute.

No Escape Hatch. For centuries, says Sartre, despite the Christian doctrine that man is born with the capacity for evil, men have tended to protect themselves from facing the fact by pretending that evil is mainly outside them. If a man does anything wrong, he prefers to believe that it is the result of the Devil's temptations or the corrupting power of society around him. Evil is always "the Other."

Genet had no such metaphysical escape hatch. At the moment when he was denied by his foster parents, he was utterly without resources or the ability to judge himself. His fate was fixed. If parents and society cast him out, he must be guilty. His subsequent pursuit of depravity was ignited by a strange motive. By doing evil, he would discover the evil that he had been told possessed him.

This willed decision to play the role that life had already forced him into makes him, for Sartre, the perfect existentialist hero. Indeed, to Sartre, Genet is modern man. Born into a meaningless and hostile world, guilty, fearful, evil and vacillating, man can be free only by willed the existence he has been given and acting energetically on his decision—just as a man carried along by an inexorable current can cre-

ate the illusion of freedom by swimming with the current but faster than it carries him.

He in She's Clothing. A reader is free (and likely) to differ with Sartre's view of man's condition, as well as with his estimate of Genet's genius. But it is difficult not to be intrigued by what is certainly one of the longest, most difficult and most astonishing critical studies ever written about one writer by another. Whole pages of *Saint Genet* could have been cut. Line after line is unintelligible to anyone but a skilled metaphysician. What remains is an appalling guidebook to a nether world.

Without benefit of Sartre, for instance, what is to be made of *Our Lady of the Flowers*? The book is infested with shadowy characters—like the

EDDY VAN DER VEEN

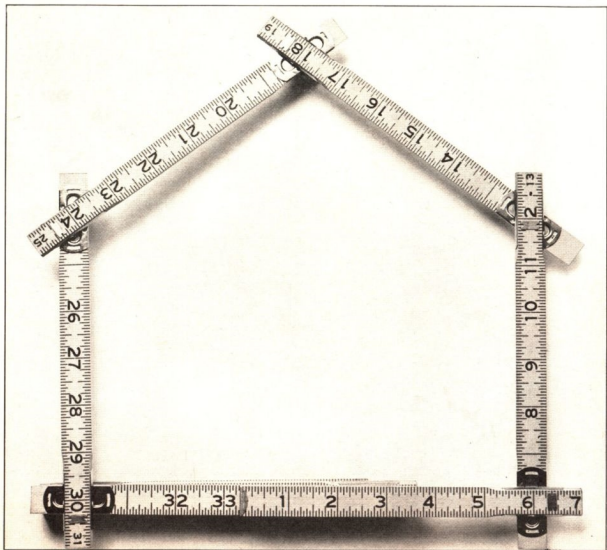


GENET

handsome pimp known as "Darling Daintyfoot"—who come to gruesome ends after enjoying a succession of couplings and even triplings. The heroine at first seems to be a dead prostitute called "Divine." But Divine is also referred to as "Lou" and "Cula-froy," and it is eventually apparent that she is Jean Genet. It is also clear that she is not really a she but a he in she's clothing.

Sartre plunges earthily to the center of all this confusion. "Seeking excitement and pleasure," he explains, "Genet starts enveloping himself in his images as a polecat envelops itself in its odor." Darling Daintyfoot and Divine are projections of Genet's imagination, conjured up to excite himself as he lay in his prison cell in 1942. Genet began to record these autoerotic visions on the paper that the prison provided its inmates to manufacture paper bags. A guard burned the writing. Genet began again. The final result was *Our Lady of the Flowers*.

By writing down the dreams, says Sartre, Genet became aware of another reality—the reality of words, which he could master. Till that moment lost in a nightmarish effort to justify the world's conception of himself as a thief,



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he suddenly awakened to his own notion that he could be a writer. He might also be a thief, but he could be his own hero—and fob himself off on the public.

All Men Are Vicious. "By infecting us with his evil," Sartre concludes complacently, "Genet delivers himself from it." This switch on Freudian analysis involves more than just turning his readers into a collective listening analyst. For Genet it means tarring them with the same brush as himself. His writings abound in emotional traps that lure a reader along the path of natural human feeling only to jar him with some small monstrosity at the end. In *Our Lady of the Flowers*, for example, Divine's despair is so eloquently described that the reader is moved to the kind of sympathy one feels for an aging spinster who is losing her looks. Then, with a sneer, Genet reminds everyone again that Divine is a homosexual after all. Naturally, Genet is delighted with such jokes, which maneuver the reader almost into Genet's own shoes. What criminal would not rejoice in the knowledge that all men are vicious?

Genet is now reasonably well off and respected in France. He has even been able to acquire a house near Nice, which he generously gave to a former lover (male), the lover's young wife (female) and her children by an earlier marriage. In the past decade, he has switched from prose to playwriting, and he has stopped displaying, so directly at least, his own private life. "I wanted," he explains, "to write something that would be more than merely subjectively scandalous. It would be objectively horrifying."

The World Is a Brothel. The two best-known examples of this later Genet are *The Balcony*, a play that suggests that the world is a brothel patronized by fetishists with illusions of grandeur, and *The Blacks*, in which the Negro cast dons strange white masks to act out the ritual rape and murder of a white woman—only to turn to the whites in the audience and taunt them with the explanation that they are only behaving as whites expect them to behave. Last week *The Blacks* passed the 1,000th-performance mark off-Broadway in New York.

No other playwright can quite match Genet at holding the audience at bay, taut between open distaste and hypnotic fascination. Even so, Genet as artist is still much smaller in scale than Genet as existentialist hero. Much of his autobiographical writing is so sleazily scabrous that it loses even shock value. On the stage, his imagination sometimes runs to episodes so melodramatically contrived that they miss theatrical effectiveness, as when the revolutionary leader in *The Balcony* emasculates himself onstage.

But for good or ill, Genet has been converted by Sartre into a walking allegory. If he was not born to it, or has yet fully to achieve it, he has had significance thrust upon him.

The Morn Was Shining Clear

PARNASSUS CORNER by W. S. Tryon.
384 pages. Houghton Mifflin, \$7.

In the end, a publisher is judged by the durability of his geniuses, not by the health of his balance sheets. There are no comparative statistics on these matters, and perhaps the native geniuses who made Boston's James T. Fields the most influential American publisher during the middle years of the 19th century were not abnormally fragile. Yet of Fields's list, Holmes, Emerson and Hawthorne are honored but widely unread; Harriet Beecher Stowe is a historical

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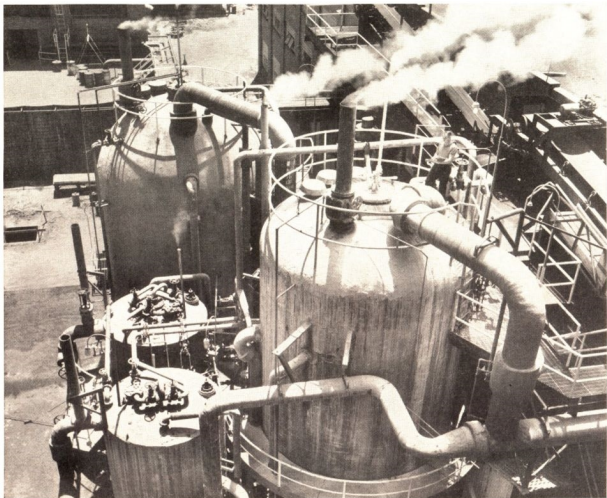
PUBLISHER FIELDS

On Parnassus, a master of the puff.

curiosity; the realist William Dean Howells is read chiefly by thesis writers; Longfellow and Whittier are snickered at; and Edwin P. Whipple, Henry Giles, John G. Saxe and a shefful of others are wholly forgotten. Only Thoreau's reputation is still alive, and Thoreau is more often revered than read.

Bearded Eminence. Still, Fields's Old Corner Book Store at one time seemed like Parnassus. Authors and editors gathered there daily to exchange puns and peanuts, to speculate, perhaps, about the success of Dickens' proposed lecture tour, and to gibe wittily at the shoddy products of the rival literary capital in New York. On the same morning a junior clerk might receive an elaborate good morning from Longfellow and an impersonal purchase order from the shy Hawthorne. In either case, the great man would soon wander to the rear of the store to join the crowd in Fields's cluttered office.

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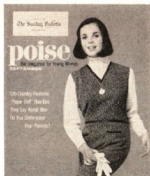
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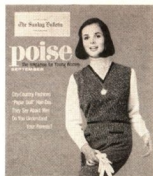
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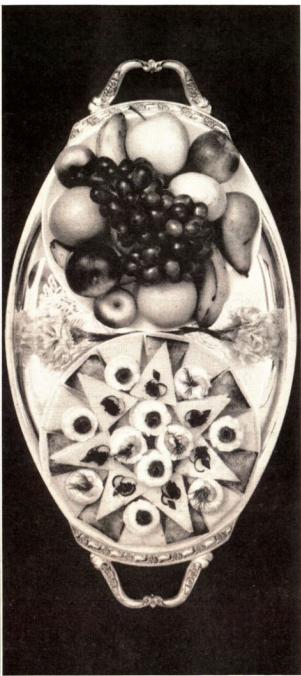
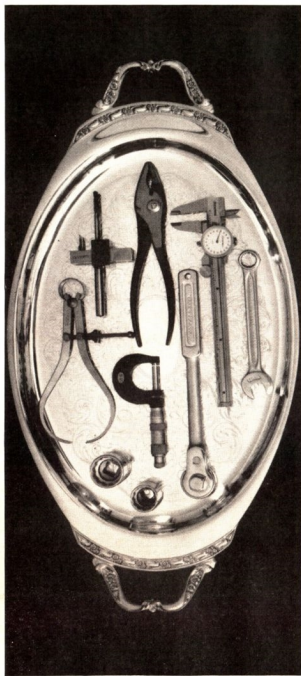
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was a first-rate business man, a fourth-rate poet and a tenth-rate moralist. One of his poems, "The Ballad of the Tempest," is worth quoting:

*"We are lost!"—the Captain shouted,
As he staggered down the stairs,*

*But his little daughter whispered,
As she took his icy hand,
'Isn't God upon the ocean,
Just the same as on the land?'"*

*Then we kissed the little maiden,
And we spoke in better cheer,
And we anchored in the harbor,
When the morn was shining clear.*

Pure Hearts & Percentages. Although not all Fields's contemporaries thought such stuff sublime, he was nevertheless able to convince anyone that he was a poet who happened to be a publisher, not a publisher who played at poetry. The result was that authors felt Fields was on their side. But some of Tryon's best scenes show the lofty-minded Fields and his purheated poets haggling about percentages.

Most of the book reviewing done in the past century was outright puffery. Fields was especially adept at planting puffs. He would write reviews himself and mail them to editors ("It may serve your tired brain some purpose. No one need know that I wrote it"), or he would ease a reviewer's critical burden by explaining that "the moral of the story lies at the bottom of page 168." Journals in which Fields advertised were expected to discover rare qualities in Fields's authors, but on one notable occasion the system of backscratching broke down. The Boston Traveller panned *Hawthorne* and Fields canceled his advertising.

If Fields was less pure than he pretended, he was a better publisher than most. Fields instituted the practice, revolutionary before the international copyright law was signed, of paying royalties to British authors. And the reader is rather fond of him when he retires from the book trade to lecture royal audiences on "cheerfulness" and his recollections of Whittier. Historian Tryon treats his subject gently in a placid Victorian prose that is almost too well suited to his subject.

A Rose Named Fanny

THE BATTLE OF THE VILLA FLORITA
by Rumer Godden. 312 pages. Viking. \$5.

There is evidence that the Book-of-the-Month Club could not exist without Rumer Godden. In the 24 years since she published *Black Narcissus*, she has provided B.O.M. with half a dozen of those soft-focus domesticated dramas that brush across a reader's mind as soothingly as a summer breeze.

This time Author Godden, 55, is addressing herself to the woman in early middle age who has had her children, has become bored with her husband and feels parched for romance. Fanny Clavering, a suburban English housewife,

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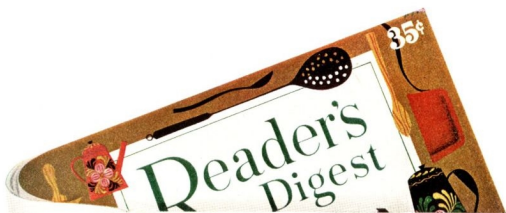
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RUMER GODDEN
For tinder-dry hearts.

will do nicely. One evening Fanny goes to a dinner party in honor of the members of a film company who have been shooting a picture on location in the village. In midmeal the film's darkly brooding director, Rob Quillet, leans across the table and murmurs, "Is there a rose named Fanny Clavering? If there isn't, there ought to be." Fanny's tinder-dry heart goes up in flames.

For a while she fights it. She is, after all, the mother of three children in school, and she knows she is no beauty—greying, a little ungainly and inclined to weight. What does Rob, who is said to have a different woman with every picture, see in Fanny? "My work is exciting," explains Rob. "I need rest." Somehow that jells it. Fanny gets her divorce and decamps with Rob for a hideaway on the Italian lakes—the Villa Fiorita.

There the moppets find them. The first to arrive are Fanny's two youngest—Caddie, 11, and Hugh, 14—who have run away from England determined to bring Mommy home. They are joined by Pia, Rob's ten-year-old daughter by a former marriage. The rest of the novel recounts the precocious intrigues by which the three children try to break up the romance and restore their respective parents to their proper homes.

B.O.M. readers, who get the book this month, will find it as soothingly sentimental as its heroine—a woman who somehow never seems large enough for the emotions she is supposed to feel.

A Square Triangle

SIR WILLIAM by David Stacton. 352 pages. Putnam. \$5.95.

David Stacton is a writer of historical romances who leaves out the romance. In his latest, most ambitious novel, he deals with one of history's hottest love affairs: the six-year fling



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grow by your support as a customer.

When you consider what our country has always stood for, can you see why anyone should want our federal government to do any job it doesn't have to do—such as owning and managing the electric light and power business? Isn't it best to leave that to individuals, like you, who believe individual effort is the quality that will always keep our nation strong?

Investor-Owned Electric Light and Power Companies ... owned by more than 4,000,000 shareholders across the nation

Sponsors' names on request through this magazine.



This V-8 runs better on air.

...The kind of sales-producing air provided by the CBS Radio Network.

V-8 was, and is, one of the fastest selling canned juices in grocery stores today.

But research confirmed that V-8 wasn't always foremost in the minds of shoppers faced with hundreds of other kinds of appetizing foods.

Campbell Soup concluded that the way to greatest growth was to

keep reminding its many fans about V-8. And the oftener the better.

A creative approach was developed which seemed most effective when projected via radio.

And so Campbell turned to radio for this campaign—radio exclusively.

The effects were dramatic. In one key test market, advertising awareness of V-8 jumped from 36% to 55% in just four weeks. Sales increases

followed immediately.

Happily, this pattern repeated itself across the nation. And, happily, CBS Radio and V-8 have been on this beam for two years.

Because it runs better on air, V-8 is continuing on CBS Radio in 1964. Perhaps air is just what your product needs, too.

The sales-producing air on

The CBS Radio Network





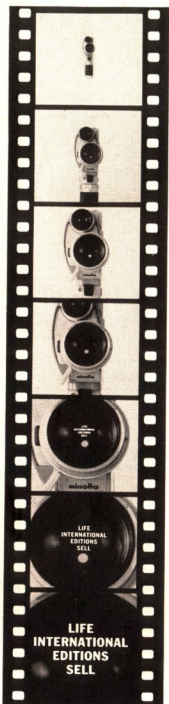
a cosmetic sold in gallon jugs?

It surprises everyone but a TEN-O-SIX user

If you are not a Ten-O-Six user, we have beginner sizes starting at four ounces (\$1.75). Try Ten-O-Six Lotion, first, in one of our smaller sizes. They fit better on shelves and offer the same effective corrective complexion care and deep, immaculate cleansing. You'll work your way up to the gallon (\$30). It's such a saving, at better cosmetics counters.

If you would like a sample of Ten-O-Six, along with a selection of other Bonne Bell corrective cosmetics, send \$1.00 to Bonne Bell, Dept. T, Cleveland 7, Ohio.

Bonne Bell
Cleveland 7, Ohio



Minolta tells the world. "Usually, new lines take time to gain footholds in the international market. But, in late 1962, when we introduced our Minolta SR-7 and the Zoom 8 movie camera in LIFE INTERNATIONAL and LIFE EN ESPAÑOL, the demand soon exceeded our initial production runs. This is a good example of the quick and effective job LIFE has been turning in for us and our dealers." Minolta Camera has been advertising in LIFE INTERNATIONAL since 1952, in LIFE EN ESPAÑOL since 1962. You, too, will find LIFE International Editions a big help in selling the world market. **Where telling the world means selling the world.**

LIFE LIFE
INTERNATIONAL EN ESPAÑOL

of Lord Nelson and Lady Hamilton. Stacton's irony quickly chills it.

As Stacton re-creates the romance, the adulterous lovers and the betrayed Sir William Hamilton are plain and proper people trying, in typically underplayed English fashion, to make the best of a ridiculous situation. The eternal triangle is very square. Lady Hamilton is not the usual hypersexed heroine of most historical romance; she is undersexed to the point of epicenism. Lord Nelson is a starchy puritan made all the grumpier by the loss of a good part of his body—one eye, one arm, most hair. And the cuckolded Sir William could hardly care less. His passion is antique statuary: "He had done well to put his faith in marble, for faith had

LADY HAMILTON

GILVER PICTURES



SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON

He preferred statuary.

made him marble in return, warmed by the sun, like honey, and grateful to the fingertips."

Stacton is a master of the epigrammatic phrase, but it ultimately proves his undoing. For a whole novel in epigrams is a feat probably no author should try. For the first 75 pages, the phrases are crisp: "A conformable heirless whose career of discreet invalidism had so recently been rounded off by the appropriate distinction of death." Thereafter, they often flag: "Sir William, who was fond of music, and so did not much care for opera." Finally they become downright flaccid: "He felt all at sea, which is not surprising, since that was where he was."

By the end of the novel, a reader may weary of rococo and itch to pull down all the grand-opera scenery in this perfectly adjusted, irritatingly smooth, eternally coy 18th century world. The novel is a scrumptious, many-layered cake, covered with the best icing, but not offering, finally, much nourishment.

a show stopper?

never!

Your show is one smooth, continuous performance from lights off . . . to the end, with this new KODAK PAGEANT Sound Projector.

No awkward setting-up exercise at the beginning. No embarrassing mid-performance interruptions. Everything exciting that happens will happen on the screen.

This could be the first movie projector you've ever really liked.

It's the first projector with a sound system that has no electronic tubes to burn out . . . no fragile photocells to fail . . . no touchy exciter lamp to quit on you. Not even any static, or hissing, or crackling noises.

The sound system in this PAGEANT Projector is entirely different from those in other projectors you've used. It's transistorized. Its circuitry is built to shrug off bumps and jostling. It should never require fixing. It should never cost you any money. You don't carry spare parts for it. You don't need any.

Power?—enough to pump good sound through an auditorium P.A. system and be heard crisply from first row front to last row balcony.

Fidelity?—clean, commanding, steady sound, played through its own large, 11 x 6-inch speaker. The sound this system reproduces encompasses the entire range it is possible to record on film.

Putting the show on the road is no project with this projector.

It sets up anywhere. Threading film is as easy as following a red line. Throw a lever, push a but-

ton, come back when the movie is over.

The lever you throw does everything but turn on the sound.

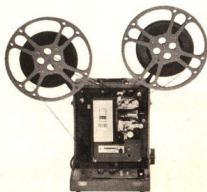
The button you push turns on the sound. Instantly!

No waiting for warm-up. The sound comes on full and clear, the moment you push the button.

This projector operates so quietly it never calls attention to itself. Never distracts. Never interferes with the mood of the performance. In fact, all your audience will notice is the performance.

The brilliance of the picture, the beauty of the sound, the projector itself—all of these will be taken for granted.

The name of this new projector is the KODAK PAGEANT 16mm Sound Projector, Model AV-126-TR. We've written a booklet about it which you may have simply by writing your name and address here:



KODAK PAGEANT 16mm Sound Projector
(Model AV-126-TR)

Then send it back to us at the address below. Check this box ☐ and we'll have a Kodak dealer call you to arrange for a convenient demonstration of this new machine. No obligation, of course.

KODAK PAGEANT Projector
EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY
Dept. 8-V, Rochester 4, N. Y.

10-119

WHAT DO YOU GET WHEN YOU BUY A PAGE IN A MAGAZINE?

White space, and a neighbor across the way.

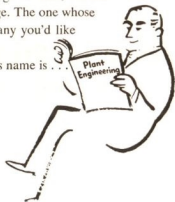
Like buying a home, it's a good idea to check out the neighborhood first. Because, no matter how well you fix up your own front yard, it's not worth much more than its surroundings.

For every page in a magazine, there's a facing page, and a community of pages around it. You're a part of it. And it contributes to what you have to say.

Suppose you're talking to the plant engineer. You know what he's interested in — running a plant. That's why you want to sell him your product. So you look for his magazine.

The one that talks about the things he does, the one that adds meaning to your message. The one whose advertisers are the kind of company you'd like to keep. The right neighborhood.

And you find it. Appropriately, its name is . . .



Your advertising in
PLANT ENGINEERING is read
by the men who design,
operate and maintain America's
industrial plants.

*Real
smoking
pleasure*

Kent with the MICRONITE filter gives you the best combination of filter-action and satisfying taste

© 1963 P. Lorillard Co.

You get more real smoking pleasure from Kent than any other filter cigarette. Puff after puff...you get the good taste of Kent's premium quality tobaccos filtered through the famous "Micronite" filter.

FOR THE BEST COMBINATION
OF FILTER AND GOOD TASTE

KENT satisfies best